

AMERICA

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Chronicle

The War.—The Germans have made vigorous but fruitless efforts to retake the positions recently lost at Verdun; they have also been on the offensive in the

Somme district, but without success.

Bulletin, Dec. 19. In Moldavia the Russians have checked the progress of the armies of p.m.-Dec. 23, p.m. the Central Powers, but in Dobrudja have fallen back to a line about ten miles south of the Danube. On the other fields of battle matters have been at a standstill.

Great Britain's attitude towards Germany's proposals for peace negotiations were voiced by Mr. Lloyd George in a speech delivered on December 19 before the House of Commons. The Premier stated that France and Russia had already made reply, and that Great Britain would give clear and definite support to the statement made by them. The Allies, he said, had separately and independently arrived at precisely the same conclusions. He protested that he had no desire to prolong the war "wantonly or without sufficient cause"; but at the same time he insisted that to abandon the struggle "without achieving the high purposes" with which it had been undertaken, would be "the costliest act of poltroonery ever perpetrated by any statesman." As for the proposed conference, he declared that to accept Germany's invitation, without any knowledge of what proposals that Government intended to make, would be "to put our heads into a noose with the rope-end in the hands of Germany." The only terms on which peace could be obtained and maintained in Europe were; "complete restitution, full reparation and effectual guarantees"; but of these he found no hint in the German Chancellor's speech; in fact, "the very substance and style of the speech constitute a denial of the only terms on which peace is possible." The most significant part of the Premier's statement is contained in the following sentences:

We will wait until we hear what terms and guarantees the German Government offer other than those, better than those, surer than those which she so lightly broke. And meanwhile we shall put our trust in our unbroken army, rather than in broken faith. For the moment I do not think it would be advisable for me to add anything upon this particular invitation. A formal reply will be delivered by the Allies in the course of the next few days.

As matters stand at present, therefore, the Allies do not absolutely reject the possibility of peace negotiations, but they have made no step to facilitate them.

The day before the British Premier made his speech, which is generally accepted as the authoritative statement of the common attitude of the Allies, the President of the United States sent to the Governments of the nations at war a communication in which he suggested that they exchange views on possible peace terms and guarantees. This step, he said, had long been in contemplation and had no connection with the overtures recently made by the Central Powers. After stating that the United States is vitally and directly interested in the measures to be taken for securing the future peace of the world and for safeguarding weaker nations against the peril of wrong and violence, he calls attention to the extremely difficult situation of the neutral nations and the possibility of irreparable wrong being done to the civilization of the world, and declares that he "feels altogether justified in suggesting an immediate opportunity for a comparison of views as to the terms which must precede the ultimate arrangements for the peace of the world."

The life of the entire world has been profoundly affected. Every part of the great family of mankind has felt the burden and terror of this unprecedented contest of arms. No nation in the civilized world can be said in truth to stand outside its influence or to be safe against its disturbing effects, and yet the concrete objects for which it is being waged have never been definitely stated.

The leaders of the several belligerents have, as has been said, stated those objects in general terms. But, stated in general terms, they seem the same on both sides. Never yet have the authoritative spokesmen of either side avowed the precise objects which would if attained satisfy them and their people that the war had been fought out. The world has been left to conjecture what definitive results, what actual exchange of guarantees, what political or territorial changes or readjustments, what stage of military success, even, would bring the war to an end.

An interchange of views, the President thinks, might show that the terms of the belligerents are not altogether irreconcilable and might make a concert of nations immediately possible. He declares, however, that he is not proposing peace or even offering mediation, but merely suggesting that soundings be taken.

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The effect of the President's communication has been to give an enormous impetus to the discussion throughout the world of the possibilities of peace, but it has had no other immediate practical result. Except in Italy, where the Parliament rejected by a vote of 293 to 47 a resolution that the President be asked to act as mediator for the inauguration of peace negotiations, official opinion in the countries at war has been silent. But unofficial opinion has been freely expressed. In Austria and Germany the great mass of editorial comment has been distinctly favorable. On the side of the Allies, however, the note has been received with coldness or hostility. Canada regards it as an "unwarranted interference." France is amazed at the proposal, but is courteous and friendly; it is at one, however, in scouting the idea of peace negotiations while France's enemies are on French soil. English journalists and statesmen believe that an adequate answer has already been given the President by the official spokesmen of the Allies and especially in the recent speeches of the King and Lloyd George.

Austria-Hungary.—After the failure of Alexander Spitzmüller to construct a new Austrian Cabinet, the task was deputed to Count Clam-Martinic, former Minister of Agriculture. The following

*New Ministry,
Title of Emperor* is the list of Ministers submitted by him to Emperor Charles: Premier and Minister of Agriculture, Count Clam-Martinic; Minister of the Interior, von Handel; Minister of Commerce, Dr. Urban; Minister of Labor, von Trnka; Minister of Education, Baron von Hussarek; Minister of National Defense, F. von Georgi; Minister of Finance, Alexander Spitzmüller; Minister of Justice, von Schenk; Minister of Railways, Dr. Z. von Forster; Minister without Portfolio, Dr. Baernreither; Governor-General of Galicia, Michael Bobrzynski. The question of the official title of the Emperor has been decided. He is to be called: "Emperor Charles I of Austria and King Charles IV of Hungary and Bohemia." His immediate predecessor of the same name on the throne of Hungary was King Charles III of Durazzo, King of Naples and a descendant of the House of Anjou. He was called to the Hungarian throne by the opponents of the widow of Louis I and was crowned December 31, 1385. On the following February 6 he was fatally wounded and died March 5 in the prison of Visegrad.

France.—On December 19, a determined assault was made upon the newly-formed Briand Cabinet. It had been prepared by the Army Commission under the leader-

*The Berenger
Debate* ship of Georges Clémenceau, the "Cabinet wrecker," and Charles Humbert, who has often been compared with Lord Northcliffe. The opening attack was made in the Senate by M. Bérenger, of Guadeloupe, who severely criticized the military, diplomatic and economic program of the Government. Premier Briand, however,

cleverly parried the attack, and by a reference to the recent successes of General Nivelle's troops at Verdun brought forth a storm of applause. Specifying his charges, the Senator from Guadeloupe said that the Ministry had brought about only a change of personnel. This was shown in the way in which the war was being directed, for they had not as yet succeeded in driving the enemy beyond the frontier. He then charged that there had been a lack of organization of war material and imputed the recent results in Athens to the short-sighted diplomacy of the Government. Directly addressing Premier Briand, M. Bérenger said: "Do not think that your past war record gives us confidence for the future."

M. Briand, in replying, deprecated reproaches against the Government at this period "because the men in power must be able to work with the necessary freedom of mind, have uninterrupted confidence at home and for their actions abroad, and our allies must not be able to think that our Government is under suspicion." In concluding he said that he was ready to make way for any one who was judged more fit for the Premiership than he.

Commenting on these incidents, the *Temps* remarks that there exists a growing tension between the Government and Parliament, which is jealously watching any attempt to infringe on constitutional rights, although at the same time urging the Government to act fearlessly. Whatever may be the result of the Parliamentary situation and the party divisions now developing, men of all shades of political belief have deeply resented the unpatriotic attack of Clémenceau on General Nivelle and General Lyautey, the new Minister of War, for all Frenchmen feel that to attack the army or its chiefs now is little less than treason.

General de Castelnau, General Joffre's chief of staff, having reached the age limit is retained on the active list by a special decree signed by President Poincaré, which is preliminary to his appointment to the command of an army group. General Nivelle has chosen as his chief of staff, Brigadier-General Ferdinand Auguste Pont. The Military Medal, the highest distinction a general officer can receive, has been awarded to General Foch. The medal is a simple decoration which was created for soldiers in the ranks and non-commissioned officers. The only commissioned officers who can receive it are generals already possessing the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Germany.—Potato bread has been abolished in Germany. The large quantities of wheat taken in the Rumanian campaign have more than supplied for

*Food and Oil
Supplies* the serious potato shortage. Over 3,000,000 tons of breadstuffs were captured, besides numberless herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Boats and rafts, filled with provisions, crowded the Danube at the time of the invasion, but were unable to escape, owing to the rapid progress of the German armies. The food possibilities

had never been lost sight of in the strategic planning of the campaign, and it is reported that a complete economic organization for exploiting the surplus food resources of Rumania was in readiness behind Falkenhayn's front line, "down to Landsturm garrison professors, purchasing agents, grain and cattle experts, traffic managers and other experts." Not only Austria-Hungary, but Bulgaria and Turkey are also sharing in these supplies. Other needs of the Central Powers are provided for by the oil wells. The rapid advance of the conquering forces made the destruction of machinery impossible, save in a few places. As a consequence a majority of the hundreds of towers in the Prahova Valley and near Campina are already in operation, and it is thought that in a short time German engineers will have repaired the damaged electric power stations at Campina and Sinaia. The transportation is to begin on a large scale within a short time. The sending of grain to Berlin and Vienna took place almost immediately. It is said that a great flotilla of barges and towing steamers had been assembled and was only waiting for Mackensen to open up the lower Danube. This explains the Chancellor's statement in the Reichstag that the hunger phantom had left Germany and was now hovering over England.

Great Britain.—In his speech of December 19, after stating the spirit in which the country would consider all overtures for peace, the Premier expressed his desire

The Premier's Speech "to say a word or two about the Government itself." He had no intention of raising any political issue which "might excite irritation or controversy. There is no time for that." But he realized that "the character and composition of the Government" might rightly be considered "unusual."

There are three characteristics in the present Administration, in which it may be said that it has departed, perhaps, from precedent. First of all these is the concentration of the executive authority in a very few hands. The second is the choosing of men of administrative and business capacity rather than men of parliamentary experience, where we were unable to obtain both for the headship of Government departments. The third is the franker and fuller recognition of the partnership of labor in the government of this country.

The Premier would not say that this concentration "is best adapted for Parliamentary navigation, but I am convinced that it is the best for war. In war you want quick decisions above everything. . . . You cannot run a war with a Sanhedrin."

Among other points discussed by the Premier were the labor question and the appointment of a "Food Controller." A system of recruiting would be devised which while making use of every force, "will insure that no man is taken into the army who is capable of rendering more useful service in industry." As to "the food problem," the main facts were "that the available harvests of the world have failed. . . . The problem is one of dis-

tribution and protection . . . that there shall be no man, woman or child who suffers from hunger because some one has been getting too much." On December 22, Parliament was prorogued until February 7.

Ireland.—According to the Dublin *Weekly Freeman* it is understood that Lord Chief Justice Cherry has formally resigned the office of Lord Chief Justice and that the

Changes in the Bench and Bar vacancy is to be filled by the appointment of Mr. Campbell, Attorney-General. At the last session over which he presided, the Judge took informal leave of the officials at the rising of the Court. It was well known that the health of the Chief Justice has been very unsatisfactory for some time, and though he made heroic efforts to carry out his duties, he was at length compelled to give way.

Lord Chief Justice Cherry was called to the Bar in 1881 and became Queen's Counsel in 1896. In the General Election of 1900, he contested the Kirkdale Division of Liverpool as a Liberal, but without success. Six years later, however, he scored a notable triumph in capturing the Exchange Division of the same city. On the formation of the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry in December, 1905, he was appointed Attorney-General for Ireland, which position he filled with conspicuous success until his appointment as Lord Chief Justice on the resignation of Lord O'Brien in 1909. The *Freeman* adds that the eminent jurist will be sorely missed at the Four Courts. According to the same Dublin journal the Solicitor-General for Ireland, Mr. James O'Connor, K. C., will be appointed Attorney-General, and the gossip of the Four Courts is to the effect that the Solicitor-Generalship, which, it is said, is to be a Unionist office in the present circumstances, lies between Mr. Denis Henry, K. C., and Mr. James Chambers, K. C.

On December 21, the Government decided to release the Irishmen who were interned after the Easter rising. Henry E. Duke, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in announcing the intention of the Government in the House of Commons, said:

The time has come when the advantages of releasing these men far outweigh the risk, and I have so advised the Government. Steps, therefore, were taken to-day to proceed, with the least possible delay, to return the interned prisoners to their homes.

According to the statement of the Secretary for Home Affairs in the House of Commons, last October, there were 576 Irishmen interned in connection with the late Sinn Fein rising.

Ireland's Wrongs At a time when there is so much agitation, especially in America, for justice to Ireland, it is well to bear in mind that the Irish are laboring under difficulties which later on may necessitate relief in money and food. Mr. J. W. Byrne writing in the January *Century* says:

In Ireland, as in Great Britain, not merely is there the imposition of direct imperial taxation, but there is the more crushing indirect taxation due to enormous increases in the prices of the necessities of life and commodities of all kinds. The Irish worker has to pay 100 per cent more for his beer, and for his tea than he paid immediately before the war. For his tobacco he pays from 75 to 100 per cent more, and for his sugar about 200 per cent more. . . . Whereas the British tradesman or laborer is financially better off than he was before the war, owing to a more than proportionate increase in wages, the poor Irishman has to meet the extra cost of living without any increase in his earning capacity. In Great Britain untold millions are being spent for industrial and munition work; in Ireland hardly a penny. In these circumstances the Irishman is faced with three alternatives: He may stay at home with his family and enjoy, in common with his wife and children, the privilege of slowly starving to death. He may join the army, and so secure for his family the tempting allowances promised by the military authorities. He may go to Great Britain to sell his labor at the high rates prevailing there; but in this case he will be held to have taken up his residence in Great Britain, and will be promptly conscripted.

A report still persists that the potato crop, especially on the west coast, is far below normal. These are serious conditions.

Rome.—The efforts of the Holy Father to relieve the sufferings of unhappy Poland have to some extent at least been crowned with success. Unable to stop the

The Pope and Poland horrors of war, he has endeavored to rouse the sympathy of others in behalf of the victims. The Polish Relief Fund, initiated by him, has met with gratifying results. Some time ago the *Osservatore Romano* gave a list of the generous sums collected by the Committee, and published the following letter to the Cardinal Secretary of State from the President of the Executive Committee and Treasurer-General:

My Lord Cardinal: We lay at the feet of the Holy Father, through the kind interposition of your Eminence, our sincerest feelings of unshakable filial attachment, and we beg your Eminence to convey the following list to his Holiness. It is an account of the sums realized in the gathering of offerings for Poland so generously initiated by the Holy Father himself. If additional offerings are sent on afterwards we shall not fail to give account of them to your Eminence.

Considering that the whole world is suffering from a war which is the desolation of humanity, we have good reason to congratulate ourselves on the result obtained, a result which contributes materially to the end of our committee. All this we owe to the benevolence of the Holy Father, who did not neglect to make his voice heard in commendation of the cause of our country. We beg your Eminence to make known to his Holiness the deep debt of gratitude we feel placed under by his great benefits towards us.

With respect and veneration, I have the honor to be, your Eminence's most obedient and devoted servant,

ANTONY OSUCHOWSKI.

In the list of subscriptions, four countries lead all others, Germany, including the Polish provinces, the United States, Austria, likewise including the Polish provinces, and Ireland.

Spain.—The recent sessions of the Cortes have been sensational and stormy. The discussion of the budget brought in by Señor Alba almost precipitated a crisis.

It was marked by the intervention in *Stormy Debates in the Cortes*

Maura, Cambo, and La Cierva. In addition to the inherent interest of the question before the Chamber, there was the feeling that the international situation was particularly delicate, that there were several elements of weakness in the composition of the present Government which gave evidence of little ability to deal with the momentous problems involved in the dealings of the country with foreign powers. The attacks made upon the Ministry some time ago by La Cierva have considerably weakened the influence of the Cabinet. There also prevailed the general conviction that the Government has been remiss in not dealing earlier and more vigorously with the problem of the scarceness and costliness of the necessities of life.

The climax, however, came in the attack made on the Government by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Señor Urzaiz. Ever since he was driven from office Señor Urzaiz has reminded the Government of his pique and ill will. He now accused it of having deliberately betrayed its duty and of having done so for the sake of furthering the private interests of its members. When asked to specify his charges, Señor Urzaiz claimed the opportunity to discuss the question of certain royal decrees regarding the exportation of copper, which were the cause of his expulsion from the Government. The authorities agreed to discuss the matter in another session. A hurried Cabinet Council was then held, and it became known that the Speaker had offered his resignation. This, however, was not accepted. In a subsequent session of the Cortes Señor Urzaiz explained that he had tried as Minister to insist on the observation of the laws, forbidding the exportation of certain products, including copper, and that the royal orders which had been signed by the King had not been published in the "Gazette," owing to the intervention of the Government. By doing this the Government had violated the law. He went out of his way to say, that many who formerly protested against the Divine right of Kings, now believe in their omniscience and infallibility. The whole House, with the exception of the Republicans, who loudly cheered the words, protested against the speaker. After a sharp reprimand to Señor Urzaiz from the Prime Minister, Count Romanones, for introducing the King's name into the debate, and various statements from the Ministers who had been attacked, the matter ended without any apparent result, as far as legislation, remedial measures, or a sifting of the facts, are concerned. But one result is evident. The debate seems to have weakened the prestige both of the Parliament and the Ministry among the people who recently became so restive under the rapid and continual rise of ordinary and most necessary foodstuffs that a great strike was inaugurated in the hope of forcing relief measures from the already harassed Cortes.

Whisperings About Eternal Childhood

VINCENT McNABB, O. P.

ILKE writing about Christmas after the feast is over more than I do before. Besides, all of us who had money and child friends or child kindred were busy making gifts for children before Christmas. I think that we would give to children with greater generosity or grace if we realized that we are but paying for our schooling. The appeal of Christmas is a lesson with full liturgical accompaniment, in our essential duty of childhood; for childhood is not a swift season of life that passes away, but is an attitude of mind or soul that should abide. All the year long our masters, the children, are teaching their heavenly, peripatetic philosophy as they romp in the nursery, or rescue fire victims up and down the stairs, or fly kites high into the clouds, or play football, or leap with a bound at nightfall from the deepest energy to the deepest sleep. But at Christmas their daily lesson gives place, as the old medieval writers say, to a *solemnis lectio*, a solemn ritual lesson, with all the romantic accompaniments of cattle and a cave!

Once I heard deep words of wisdom from a school inspector, in a speech he made when retiring in old age from his life's work. As a father might speak to his sons, he warned us younger men not to look on childhood, with its morning color and sweetness, as a mere rehearsal for years that may never come, or may come with less sweetness and color.

In childhood as a span of years there is something beautiful that should endure, and something almost more beautiful that must pass. Keats sang his "Ode to a Nightingale" when racked with pain on a bed of death. We warrant that it was a song he had once heard in childhood, and never again. Only its echoes murmured in his song. Its music, its life, its loveliness had fled with childhood into the irrevocable past. If for no other reason, then, childhood, with its eager eye and ear, should be allowed those sinless joys which it can never taste again, or never on this side of the grave.

But the better part of childhood is not a frail beauty that swiftly falls from its brow. Like the ideas of truth, goodness, beauty that Plato held to be the heart of all our thinking, the heart of childhood should be eternal. Once a child always a child. A man who had seen many golden visions, and had spoken them in many golden words, has left on record that when he was a child he spoke as a child, he understood as a child, he thought as a child. Then when he became a man he put away the things of a child. But he never put away the heart of a child. *Cor Pauli, cor pueri.* The heart of Paul was the heart of a child.

But a greater than Paul was once a child, and, therefore, a child forever. Christmas is the feast not of a

child, but of The Child. The very essence of Christianity is that Jesus Christ is the eternal Child. We have gone far into wisdom when we have recognized that the Babe of Bethlehem is God's attempt to express some of His Divine attributes through childhood. But perhaps we have touched the crest of perfect wisdom when we see in the Babe of Bethlehem God's attempt to express His essential and eternal childhood.

For this reason philosophers who are still floundering in the mire of the Kantian or Hegelian Absolute, should always keep Christmastide by going hand in hand with some children to a church where there is a Crib. There, if they have the seeing eye, and the hearing ear—the Lord hath made them both!—they will see and hear more than may be learned of a hundred universities or encyclopedias. Their pale dream of a finite absolute God, essentially limited by the thought of His mind and the work of His hand, will give place to an infinite God who has strained His attributes of power, wisdom, mercy, to their utmost by limiting Himself to the helplessness of a little child.

Our enduring childhood is not as His. From the beginning this eternal Son had reached the crest of perfect childhood. A poet who wrote authentic words on childhood made at least one mistake when he humbly directed his friends to "look for him in the nurseries of Heaven"; for there are no nurseries apart for heaven's children, where all are children and the whole City is a nursery. "Of such is the Kingdom."

Our childhood, then, once lost must be again recovered; if recovered, it must be made to grow. Childhood has been called the time of vision. But Augustine of Hippo has taught us that the blessed have a morning and an evening vision. Assuredly as one draws deeper into the evening shadows of old age new visions visit the soul. Of these the most welcome is that which assures the soul of its power of being again a child, and even of growing in childhood until death. But a poet on her deathbed sang:

Make me grow young again,
Grow young enough to die,
That in a joy unseared of pain
I may my Lover, loved, attain
With that fresh sigh
Eternity
Gives to the young to breathe about the heart
Until their trust and youth-time shall depart.

Let me come to Thee young
When Thou dost challenge "Come!"
With all my marveling dreams unsung;
Let me rush to Thee when I pass
Keen as a child across the grass

The Golden Wedding Ring

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

THREE scenes are intimately related in the mind of the Church. Far back in the golden dawn of human history the first is laid, when from the side of the sleeping Adam, from a member close to the beating of his heart, woman was formed. And God brought her to him, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, that they might be inseparably united. Wherefore was man to leave father and mother and cleave to his wife, and they were to be "two in one flesh."

The second scene, of which the first was the symbol and type, has for its background the darkened sky around the mound of Calvary, where the world's great tragedy was enacted. There, from the opened side of the Second Adam, cast in the sleep of death, the Church was created, Christ's mystic Spouse, holy and without blemish, to be forever His glorious Bride. In that union between the Divine Bridegroom and His Spouse the world was to possess for all times the model of the perfect bond between man and woman.

The third scene, like the first, is a symbol of this union of Christ with the Church. Yet it is no mere symbol, but an efficacious sign of the life of grace. Its background is the lighted altar, with the white-vested priest, prepared to offer up in an unbloody manner the same tremendous Sacrifice that took place on Calvary. In the foreground, at the altar steps, are the Christian bridegroom and his bride. Not a mere civil convention, not a purely legal contract, not a tie to be lightly formed and as lightly broken, but a lasting and inviolable bond is the union effected there. It is a solemn pact witnessed not merely by men, but by God and His Holy Angels, and recorded for all eternity in the registry of heaven, with sacred obligations to posterity and to the Church.

From the opening of His public ministry Our Divine Lord manifested his deep concern for the sanctity of the marriage bond. "The beginning of miracles" took place at a nuptial feast in Cana of Galilee. Here, too, the Mother of Christ appeared in her great rôle as intercessor with her Son. "Even from that day forth," wrote Pope Leo XIII, "it seemed as if the beginning of a new holiness had been conferred on human marriage." Christ it was who thereafter saved woman from the degradation of polygamy and from the heartless rejection on the part of man by restoring to its primal purity the marriage bond and sweeping away forever the bill of divorce. So through Him did woman achieve her true emancipation.

But the greatest gift that Christ bestowed on her in married life was to raise marriage itself to the dignity of a Sacrament of the New Law. That He has done so in reality we know beyond doubt. Such is the tradition of the Universal Church, such is the doctrine of the Coun-

cils and the evidence of the earliest liturgies of the East and West which even call it in express terms a "Sacrament of the living." Such is the testimony of St. Augustine when he ranks Christian marriage with the Sacraments of Baptism and Holy Orders. (*De Bono Coniugii*). Such is the teaching clearly "intimated" in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians.

The words of the great Apostle, referring to Christian marriage as a "sacrament," might well perhaps be taken in a broader meaning were it not for the sense of the entire context. Christian marriage, as he describes it, is a sacred and mysterious symbol of the union of Christ with His Church; it is a faithful representation of the relations existing between the Divine Bridegroom and His mystic Bride, mirrored in the relations between husband and wife. The marriage of Adam and Eve in Paradise was likewise, as we have seen, a symbol of this union; but Christian marriage was to be something even greater. The rites of the Old Testament were, in the words of the Apostle to the Galatians, "weak and needy elements"; but this is clearly distinct from them, more than they: "This is a *great sacrament*." Unlike them it is therefore not an empty sign, but an efficacious sign of the life of grace, or, in other words, a true sacrament. Well might Tertullian exclaim in the second century of the Christian era: "How can we describe the happiness of those marriages which the Church ratifies, the Sacrifice strengthens, the blessing seals, the Angels publish and the Heavenly Father propitiously beholds!" (*Ad Uxorem*.)

The sacramental effect of Christian marriage consists not merely in symbolizing, but in actually causing a realization of the union between Christ and His Church to exist in the union contracted between Christian husband and wife. This is what we mean by saying that Christian marriage efficaciously represents the union between Christ and His Church. Every Christian marriage is to be, as it were, an impression and reproduction, a copy of that Divine union, and for this effect the sacramental grace is given: "This is a great Sacrament, but in Christ and the Church." Christian marriage, it is true, may fall short of its sublime sacramental purpose; but the fault is then with man and not with the Sacrament.

The duties of husband and wife, if they would rightly correspond with the graces God gives them to realize in their holy bond this sublime resemblance of the union between Christ and His Church, are clearly explained by St. Paul. In words replete with tenderness and surpassing in beauty all that poets have sung of the sacred flame of human love, the great Apostle thus describes the obligations of the Christian husband:

Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the church, and delivered himself up for it: that he might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life; that he might present to himself a glorious church not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without blemish. So also ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife, loveth himself. For no man ever hated his own flesh; but nourisheth it and cherisheth it, as also Christ doth the church: because we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones.

Could there be a closer intimacy, a greater tenderness, a more delicate affection, a sweeter solicitude than that which is here prescribed as the husband's duty towards his wife? Christ loved the Church even to delivering Himself up for her to the death of the Cross; such is the ideal of that love the Christian husband is taught to cherish towards his wife. Her virtue is to be sacred to him as the sanctity of the Church is dear to Christ. He is to aid her to preserve the splendor of her soul in its spiritual beauty that it may flourish in a perennial youth, which the years can never steal away, though her outward charms should wither like the flowers they resemble. To attain to this perfection of devotion, rendered to the creature for the sake of the Creator, the grace of the Sacrament will never fail him. Verily this is a great Sacrament, in Christ and in the Church.

But woman, too, has her duties to perform. As the Church is subject to Christ, so is she to her husband in true love and fidelity. He is "the head of the wife" by the law of creation and by the express will of God, but in such wise "as Christ is the head of the Church." Her subjection is not ultimately to man, but "to the Lord," whom she beholds in her husband as every Christian sees Him in all rightful authority, rendering cheerful obedience for the love of God. Such subjection is the highest glory of the Christian man and woman. Its supreme examples are Christ Himself and His Virgin Mother. Clear and explicit, again, are the words of St. Paul:

Let women be subject to their husbands, *as to the Lord*: because the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the church. He is the saviour of his body. Therefore as the church is subject to Christ, so also let wives be to their husbands in all things.

A great difference is indicated here between the headship of Christ and of the husband. Christ is the "saviour of his body," the Saviour of the Church. Such the husband can never be in regard to the wife. Her soul equally with his is the direct creation of God. His authority extends to the things pertaining to domestic government, and in so far the comparison applies. Only for the pagan wife can subjection become an indignity, in so far as she obeys man alone and not God. Hence the agitation and the clamor of modern paganism for "emancipation" from domestic government. Not such is the subjection of love on the part of the Christian woman, repaid by the devotion of love bestowed on her by her Christian spouse.

Enlightened and strengthened by the Spirit of God, woman must make it her task to preserve and perfect in her husband the image of Christ. She will understand

his weakness only that she may save him from a fall. She will perceive the nobility of his soul that she may daily point out to him the opportunities for Christian service and evermore inspire him to mount to the exalted heights of Christian manhood, while she seeks to realize in herself the perfection of Christian womanhood. She will pray with him and watch with him that together they may attain to the ideal made possible for them both by the grace of this great Sacrament. So will the image of Christ stand forth revealed in the souls of both. They will not live now, but Christ in them, that of two there shall be only one flesh, one soul, one Christ, who is above all and in all. The Lord alone will they serve and love. Such is the meaning of the golden wedding ring the Christian bridegroom places upon the finger of the Christian bride.

The Value of Industrial Engineering

WILLIAM D. VANDERBILT, C. E.

THE term industrial engineering might properly be used to include the systematic and economical handling of all branches of commercial endeavor. The sales manager and the accountant of a corporation as well as the superintendent of the factory are all vitally interested at the present time in having their departments run scientifically with the least amount of friction and unnecessary effort, whether such be internal and mental or external and physical.

But it is in the manipulation of the material itself, whether in its raw state, in the manufacturing processes or in the disposition of the finished product that the term reaches its fullest significance. It is along this line that technical and scientific problems are constantly arising and here the engineer's training, both theoretical and practical are of the greatest value both in eliminating waste and in assisting to increase the much-desired profits of the corporation for which he works.

While the value of such expert assistance is now quite generally admitted, only a few years since it was entirely disregarded or looked upon as a most unnecessary expense.

Not much more than a decade ago only a very small number of firms were sufficiently interested in this question to employ regularly any one to study their own peculiar conditions with a view to changing established routine and opening up more economical methods. Some few would consult with efficiency engineers who would study the plant for a longer or shorter period, sending in recommendations as to necessary changes which sometimes were adopted but which more frequently, being criticized by the superintendent or foreman, were given but small chance to prove their value.

In recent years, however, the extreme competition of business, together with the constantly rising wage-rate and the reduction in the length of the working day have

made even the least progressive manufacturer see a new light. It has become more and more evident that the methods of yesterday cannot continue simply because they proved sufficient for so long, and that they must give way to modern economics even at large initial expense.

The records of mercantile agencies bear witness to the passing of many once prosperous firms who could not or would not change. To make such changes scientifically and economically successful, the industrial engineer has come into being. And surely his need is great. Go into a large number of our factories, even those with names of national reputation, and the tremendous waste of effort is at once evident even to the layman. Stockrooms are situated in places far removed from the point where the goods are to be used; material is moved and lifted several times before reaching its final destination; expensive motor trucks only partially filled are constantly sent out on poorly planned delivery routes; large numbers of men employed for loading and unloading cars, are standing idle waiting for the man ahead to do his part. All these factors and many others are eating constantly and deeply into the pockets of the stockholders. And there is always complaint from the manager as to the inefficiency and insufficiency of the available labor.

But these conditions are rapidly changing. The work of the industrial engineer is becoming more and more apparent. Stockrooms, in fact the entire plants in some instances, are being relocated to allow a continuous movement as nearly as possible in one direction, from receipt of raw material to shipment of finished product. Mechanical devices for handling material and also for transporting it greater or less distances are being installed and in every way the waste and inefficiency of the past is being eliminated in order to meet the more intensive present.

Thus the best designed shops are in effect those which have been laid out around a transportation scheme, not only as regards proximity to railroad and waterways, but also from the viewpoint of internal convenience and economy.

It would probably be a matter of wonder to most people to know how many thousands of dollars are expended annually by corporations for maintaining expensive departments of engineers and accountants whose entire valuable time is devoted to this question of methods of manufacture or transportation of raw and finished product in order ultimately to effect greater savings. And when such methods are determined upon, no question of initial cost or condition of present plant no longer to be used, although still intrinsically of great value, can prevent their adoption. Nor is the personal prejudice of superintendent or foreman allowed to stand in the way of a fair trial.

It becomes evident, therefore, that the man who can decide on such innovations must be one who knows.

An error of judgment on his part may not only result in the outlay of large sums of money for appliances which will not work satisfactorily, but will also have the more important and demoralizing effect of disturbing the routine of the plant to such an extent and for such a length of time that great loss, instead of profit, results. The engineer, therefore, must be as nearly as is humanly possible, 100 per cent efficient. Problems involving all branches of his profession, mechanical, electrical, sanitary and civil engineering, are daily brought before him.

But the capacity for advocating new methods and the knowledge necessary to superintend the installation of labor-saving devices are but part of the equipment of this most modern of engineers.

Not only must he plan the way but he must win the confidence of those holding the purse strings so that the necessary funds may be available to meet the unusual expenditures. This done, his hardest work often lies ahead of him. He must educate the users to the point of seeing the advantages in the new methods. He must overcome the inertia of habit. He must "teach old dogs new tricks." In other words, he must be such a leader of men that he will be able to fill others all along the line with his enthusiasm to the extent of making them see and really believe that the old way is not necessarily the best way.

Another important field for the successful industrial engineer lies along sociological lines. It is becoming more and more apparent that the successful corporations, other things being equal, are those which make a determined effort to attract and hold their employees. The number of new employees, hired each year by the average manufacturing plant, as compared with the number permanently retained on the payrolls, passes all belief. This constant change of personnel is a most serious drain on the economical working of the plant.

It naturally takes a new man some time to do even simple work as well and as easily as one who has grown accustomed to the same thing. A sense of strangeness to his surroundings and associates also prevents the best result and in every way he works for a time under a handicap. All this time his employer, while paying full wages is receiving less than full day's work, so that the monetary loss of these frequent changes is very real and can be easily computed by comparing work-tickets.

It therefore behooves the employers of labor to foster such a spirit of loyalty, by making the working conditions as attractive as possible, that the constant stream of transient work-people may be stopped and all who show signs of promise be retained.

For this reason the most enlightened corporations are spending large sums of money annually for improving the sanitary conditions of factories and workrooms. Modern washrooms, lunchrooms, recreation grounds, baseball fields and tennis courts, are being constructed, while many employers are taking up such matters as the housing of employees and cooperative stores.

All such ideas are of course entirely at variance with those existing heretofore. In our fathers' time the working or living conditions of the employee were given scant attention and the idea that the loss of a more or less unskilled laborer was a monetary loss was never considered.

It is now well understood that any money wisely spent along such lines as will make the employee more content with his position and which will show him that the company really has his interest at heart, is well invested and will be returned again many times over by the more intelligent and hearty work of such a body of contented and loyal employees.

Along all these broad lines, then, the industrial engineer works. It is hardly necessary to say that in a corporation of any size he must have many helpers who will look out for the details of the work and make sure that his instructions are carried out. It is equally evident that such assistants are in a position to obtain experience of the greatest value to themselves, and, if they bring to their work knowledge, energy and faithfulness, they will become of constantly increasing value to their employers and will advance from step to step along a most fascinating and profitable pathway, for new industrial problems will keep occurring, and the clever and efficient engineer will be well rewarded for solving them successfully.

The Humor of the Saints

THEODORE MAYNARD

TO speak of the Saints as possessing humor will seem to many people a forced piece of special pleading. Burglars may be, in their leisure, admirable husbands; and professional politicians, good fellows, but their calling usually precludes them from honesty or a pedantic regard for veracity. In much the same way, while the Saints are easily imagined as humble, or ardent, or mortified, or compassionate, they are not readily credited with gaiety. Sounding brass they may sometimes be, but rarely tinkling cymbals; holy but not hilarious. Anything else but *that*. Granted

The courtesy of saints,
Their gentleness and scorn,

steadfastness, charity and a burning courage; but laughter and sanctity do not easily mix. This idea springs from a profound misunderstanding of the nature of holiness of heart, from a feeling that saints are divorced from humanity and carry their lives along alien ways. Their wan, unearthly beauty glows only upon a cathedral window and is lost if brought out into the daylight and the loud streets of the world. Kipling put it forcibly when he boasted that single men in barracks are not plaster saints, though the facts remain that there have been plenty of saints found in barracks, and that even the saints that grew before the Lord outside barracks were made of anything but plaster.

Their infinite variety is astounding; kings and popes appearing at one end of the scale and artisans and servant girls at the other; St. Benedict Labre, who cultivated dirt, standing against St. Theresa, who changed her linen twice a day. But of all it may be said that gaiety was their staff. They went laughing to heaven, for, even more than courage, cheerfulness is the abiding mark of the cloistered soul.

In some cases, of which St. Aloysius is a type, we see only dark eyes alive with mystery. But though we do not catch the personal humor of such across the centuries,

we may imagine that they were the cause of harmless merriment in others. The elaborate chilblain plaster of the Jesuit cadet surely was a well of mirth to his companions. And if the nurse of the precocious saint, whose name escapes me, was edified by his refusal to take mammary nourishment on Fridays, we may guess that she, or at least the child's father, was vastly amused. The monumental incompetence, however, of St. Joseph of Cupertino, must have been enjoyed by the saint himself, or why did he name himself "Brother Ass"? And Brother Juniper saw the point of his fantastic and engaging awkwardness. He it was who roared loudest over the affair of the pig's trotters.

Beyond the happy innocence which is the secret of the child, there is the irony which is the secret of the universe, and to both of these every saint comes at last. St. Theresa was a conscious wit, sprinkling her letters and her conversation with pungent *mots*. And during the intervals of administering impartial justice, writing the Utopia, confuting Tyndall, saying his prayers and being beheaded, Blessed Thomas More conducted a jocular correspondence with Erasmus and composed Latin epigrams. Here is a translation of one made by Thomas Pike and published in 1569:

None could persuade him Radishes to eat,
Vertue abhors such kinde of luscious Meat.
Casting about his dull unpleasant eye,
He chanc'd fine tender Onions to espie:
He snaps up those. Though Radishes a'nt good,
It seems that Onions are a virtuous food.

St. Thomas Aquinas, when he wasn't writing his "Summa," made excellent limericks, and even St. Bernard, that great enigma, a man so rapt in contemplation that at the end of his novitiate, he was unable to say whether his dormitory ceiling was flat or arched; who in so many fields was the first man of his age, as scholar, preacher, poet and man of affairs; of whom Ernest Hello

has aptly said that "it is impossible to write the history of his life without writing that of the whole world during his lifetime"—even that prince of monks and of saints loved his little joke. "Ah, Father Abbot," said his muleteer by the lakes of Switzerland, "why do you not admire the scenery?" "My son, I was saying my prayers." "But I can admire the lakes and the hills and say my prayers too." "Come," was the response, "I will make you an offer. If you can say one *Pater Noster* without distraction you shall have my mule." Down went the man upon his knees: *Pater noster qui es in coelis, sanctificetur*—and the saddle too, Father Abbot? "No my son, nothing"!

It is easy to hear the ringing laugh of St. Francis, for in every company he was the merriest man present. There was perhaps something more than good poetry in his personifications of "Brother Sun" and "Sister Moon"; and he may have been as glad in his discovery as was a modern friar I knew, who shook with joy at his jest in speaking of "Brother Bacon" and "Sister Sausage." The early Franciscans were constantly doing and saying unaccountable things, but when St. Anthony preached to the fishes and Blessed Giles dispelled an unbeliever's doubts on the doctrine of free will by playing a fiddle and dancing round the room, the whole cosmos stood still to watch the comedy.

In different vein was the advice of St. Louis to De Joinville, but very good advice nevertheless. "No man except he be a very learned clerk should dispute with a Jew or a heretic; but let him smite with his sword and pierce to the midriff as far as the blade will enter."

One of the richest of the saints in the matter of humor was St. Philip Neri. He who could never finish the words: *Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo* without being snatched away into rapture; he who towards the end of his life said Mass in private so that he might dismiss his server for a couple of hours after the *Agnus Dei* while he made his Communion, was racy and whimsical to a degree. Did one of the Fathers of the Oratory appear to be in danger of growing puffed up by his eloquence? Then let him walk round the refectory bearing a monkey with a little gun upon his shoulder! Or he must carry Philip's favorite cat on a cushion behind its master through the streets of Rome! Lest anyone should think the fun of the best-beloved saint who ever lived was always at the expense of other people, we should remember his picnics for the Dominican novices, when he urged the young friars to "eat and grow fat."

An almost roguish humor was the natural breath of the Middle Ages and of their saints. It peeped out from the carving of a choir-stall or a capital, from an illuminated letter or a tail piece in a Missal. The same spirit which could inspire the lovely Cornish carol

When on the Cross hangèd was I,
When a spear to my heart did glance,
There issued forth both water and blood
To call my true love to the dance.

was also in the "Mirror for Monks" where Blosius wrote "Jesus makes a pleasant sauce for a poor and unsavoury dish." It shone in the jeweled gaiety of Fra Angelico's "Dance of the Angels"; it lives and moves still where the boys dance on "Corpus Christi" before the high altar in Seville.

Nor is this remarkable when we apprehend the abysmal depths of laughter in the Faith. The thought of the weak things of the earth confounding the mighty is as fundamentally comic, and comic for the same reason, as the sight of a bishop slipping on a piece of orange peel. And the strange humility of our religion receives its fulfilment in the Incarnation which drew these words from Chesterton:

Laughter like a lion wakes
To roar to the resounding plain,
And the whole heaven shouts and shakes
For God himself is born again—
And we are little children walking
Through the snow and rain.

What saint would not be merry in a world which God created out of nothing and where Christ Himself was happy.

The Democracy of Shakespeare

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

I HAVE always owed a debt of gratitude to Mr. Shaw for throwing doubts on the anti-democracy attributed to Shakespeare. The truth is that not only Shakespeare but most of the other great poets can only be convicted of anti-popular sentiment by the detestable habit of quoting tags. For instance, Carlyle solemnly quotes Horace about the duty of hating the profane vulgar. But Carlyle does not mention that, immediately after, Horace "proclaims silence" for all the world, like Whiffin the Beadle at the Eatanswill election, and announces, in the best manner of modern advertisement, that he has an entirely new repertoire of songs, especially suited to young people of both sexes. The atmosphere of the ode certainly is not that of the misanthropic artist. Or again, many imagine a faint oligarchic flavor about Gray's expression, "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife"; especially as it has been used as a title by the intensely anti-popular genius of the author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude, the Obscure." A crowd more unmistakably madding than Mr. Hardy's suicidal rustics it would be hard to find in any slum. But the feeling in Gray's poem, the tone as distinct from the tag, is distinctly popular. He is praising the social strength and value of hob-nailed louts; and his vision involves a noble recognition of their roughness; though perhaps "the noiseless tenor of their way" is not the best description of their boots. In the same way, because somebody persuaded Shakespeare to write a rather dull play about Coriolanus, critics have talked about poor Will of Stratford, who would often have written a play about the man

in the moon for the sake of a job, as if he were a rigid Roman patrician resurrected from the dead. But the general spirit of Shakespeare runs just the other way. It is founded on the popular medieval feeling that Jack is as good as his master, and often better. Whenever Shakespeare's narrative brings prince and clown together, the clown scores off the prince as systematically as Sam Weller scores off Pickwick or Sawyer or Stiggins. Hamlet and Laertes, leaping into the grave and out again, seem, and I think are meant to seem, mere theatrical sentimentalists, compared with the workman who, being as cheerful in the grave as in any other workshop, has some right to ask the grave where is its victory. Moreover, the gravedigger does utter the genuine democratic sentiment; and the only important political sentiment in the play. Mr. Shaw has, by the way, truly pointed out that the man who makes the ultra-royalist speech about the divinity hedging a king, is a ruffian and is killed after all. But I think the case is even stronger than he says. It must surely have been a stroke of savage humor to put the dogma that kings cannot be murdered, into the mouth of the ambitious and successful gentleman who had the best possible private reasons for knowing that they could. The ghastly irony of the words in the mouth, not only of a usurper but of a regicide, cannot be taken as a serious salute to monarchy. But the real philosophy of democracy, right or wrong, is excellently stated by the gravedigger, when he objects to great folk having countenance "to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian." One could write a whole history of Europe round that phrase "even Christian." Note that broad religious views are brought in to excuse narrow social sympathies; exactly as they are today by Dean Inge and the model employees. Laertes talks a lot of new theology about churlish priests; but the man with the spade knows the truth. "If this had not been a gentlewoman. . . ." This point is important; for nothing is commoner nowadays than to make sentiment the excuse when snobbishness is the motive. And when I watched the old problem plays; and when the faithful old butler, bringing in the liqueurs, heard the young genius shoot himself in the wings; or when the *femme incomprise* wandered down by the exquisite azaleas and disappeared into the Maeterlinckian lake, something historic in me hardened my heart. And I only murmured: "And the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian." The man who said that was no anti-democrat.

Another difficulty is that geniuses who write unequally and have a ringing talent for melodrama, like Shakespeare, often do not get the credit for their subtlety when they really are subtle. They are credited with performing some stale mechanical trick, when the trick is really too quick or new for the audience to follow it. A strong example is the other great instance of the crowd in Shakespeare, the occasion of Marc Antony's oration.

The ordinary version, in our Victorian youth, was that Brutus made a good speech against Caesar, and the mob cheered him very much; then Antony made a good speech for Caesar, and the crowd cheered him even more; and this was another example of Shakespeare's contempt for the inconstant populace. Now this is very bad and careless criticism. It is bad and careless, as it would be to treat Robinson Crusoe as a tale of perils, and complain that the hero had so long to fetch stores from the wreck. This would miss the point; that it is not Crusoe's insecurity, but his security, that puts a silence as of a punishment about his loneliness. It is bad and careless, as it is to say that Stevenson's tale of Jekyll and Hyde shows that man has two natures, one good and the other evil, and that they can exist separately. This misses the point; that the interest of Jekyll is not in the success but in the failure of his experiment. He sincerely tries to saw himself in half; but the spinal cord of conscience still connects the two parts. In other words, it is a vulgar simplification, like most modern religions. It is putting down everything in black and white, because you are color-blind.

Antony's speech is not only sincere but passionate. I cannot prove it. Nor can you prove that Juliet was in love, that ornate blank verse is more likely to be used by a demagogue in a forum than by a girl in the balcony. There is no answer; except that there is a certain kind of blank verse that is not blank. It fills the heart of the reader, and unless we are all mad, it must have filled the heart of the writer.

Marc Antony roused the democracy because he was a democrat. He was addressing the members of a democracy suddenly cowed by the *coup d'état* of the old aristocrats. He was expressing himself under restrictions; but so were they. He ran great risks in saying anything; but so did they. He did not want to die very much; nor do the London poor. He had mostly to take refuge in irony; so do the poor. But the man who can take such irony for artificial party speaking, ought to have boiling lava in his teacup at afternoon tea. His appeal throughout is to the plainest ideas of the people; death, friendship, tears, blood, money. Caesar cried at sight of suffering; Cato did not cry. Caesar had left the poor hard cash; Cassius probably would not have done so. Caesar's throat was cut; and after all Brutus's wasn't. Antony is the professional politician, being as bold as he dares; but his appeal is to the ordinary man.

And now turn back to what I think is almost the greatest thing in Shakespeare. Shakespeare's type of tragedy was the first tragedy of free will; the first Christian tragedy. "We will call a halt to this business." If these words are properly spoken, the audience really feels that Duncan may have his porridge next morning in peace. It is something more living, original and spiritual than the flattening steam-roller of "fate": it is the villain tempted by virtue. Shakespeare has given us one tremendous picture, very much needed for these times. He has

shown us the politician when he is suddenly tempted to be a man. When Antony actually finds the body of Caesar, he asks for death with startling and inspired impatience, knowing he will afterwards be a corpse or a "statesman."

There is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as these your swords, made richer
With the most noble blood of all this world.

Then he utters the rending phrase of revelation:

Live a thousand years
I shall not find myself so apt to die.

Most successful statesmen have passed through that heroic instant. And there are none who do not really regret that they have survived it.

Catholic Ideals in Secular Life

E. S. CHESTER

THE Catholic, moving in secular society, should be as a breath of pine or balsam in a windy air, pervasive, tonic, effectual, yet suggestive of its source rather than of itself. Just as one is conscious at Bar Harbor or in the Adirondacks of a sense of physical refreshment which must be referred to the great trees and the mountains, so one experiences, or should experience in the presence of a clear Catholic personality, a social and spiritual influence which, when traced to its source, is found to spring from Catholic belief and practice. No other man conducts himself as does the genuine Catholic, because no other man is in possession of the full content of Christian Revelation or the complete code of Christian deportment. Others enjoy at most only some of the beautiful remnants of these treasures.

There is not one dogma of the Catholic Church that does not react perfectly to the test of Teresa of the Child Jesus, "to make Love more loved." She prayed it, she advised it, she went about singing it. Above all, she flooded every act of her will and body with its supernatural sweetness. She discovered, and would have others discover in all the dogmas of the Faith the source of that air of pine and balsam which every truly representative Catholic gives forth. One may not be able to define this air perhaps, but it pervades the true Catholic's life like a social perfume. A simple example will illustrate how true this is.

Tourists frequently declare that they have found the deportment of a peasant nun or a lay-brother to surpass in actual correctness that of experienced attendants on courts. This is not surprising. What Catholic child is not instructed in court etiquette? He has been a scholar in the court of the Blessed Sacrament. To be anything but reverent in the Royal Presence with which he is so familiar would be difficult to the point of embarrassment. The habitual practice of gentleness in their places of worship becomes a social asset in the lives of even very lowly Catholics, and we often see what is called a well-born child at a distinct disadvantage in this respect with the orphan pupi; of a Sisters' school. Even modesty and humility cannot hide themselves under a bushel; for modesty and humility so earnestly taught by Catholic discipline are shining virtues which the most obtuse worldling recognizes.

It was Father Thurston, I think, who wrote the little manual on religious deportment which is used in many schools; and in it he insists upon the motives of Christian deportment rather than deportment itself. It is suggested to young people, for example,

that loud and disorderly behavior is not so much vulgar as a sin against charity. It is an infringement of the law binding us to do all things with a view to our neighbor's comfort and convenience. So it is, or so it should be, with all Catholic conduct. Its motive is the very highest. When the garments of cloth of gold were removed from royal saints, it was discovered that the tunic of hair-cloth was nearer their hearts. Similarly, were the trappings of convention stripped from true Catholic conduct, one might see enwrought beneath it the aspiration of Benedict XV: "That the charity of Jesus Christ may prevail."

Not to those in the world is it given to enjoy that community of aims, sympathies and affections that is possible in the Religious Orders. On the contrary, the thistle and the wheat grow side by side, in the social garden. All the strength and wholesomeness of the wheat cannot change the thistle, but the thistle must not be allowed to uproot or weaken the well-planted wheat. Strange and painful are the natural strainings and antagonisms of the social order; yet the end of the thistle is death, while the wheat is to endure unto perfection.

Such is the ideal, and yet society is often disappointed in Catholics. It expects so much from those whose claims are so high. Declaring that we alone have the true life-giving Sacraments, we correspond so miserably to the world's just expectation of us! Society has heard that we dwell in the fulness of the light of revealed truth, symbolized on our altars, at our shrines, and even at our biers; and we give forth only a faint and flickering glimmer! There would be no such journal in the world as the *Menace* if Catholics practised faithfully our holy Faith. The *Menace* lives and thrives by our failure to demonstrate individually as Christians the infallible truth of our dogmas in our commonplace secular life.

What is needed is a more easy and natural diffusion of Catholic ideals in secular life. This cannot be done so long as there exists any superior sense of aloofness, or alien sympathies. Certainly it cannot be done by neglect or misrepresentation of our actual belief and practice. The more Catholic a Catholic is, the better, even in the eyes of the enemies of the Church. The world's dislike of lukewarmness and evasion is second only to that of God for the same thing. Never does a Catholic in secular life make so grave a mistake as when he endeavors to conceal, or above all to apologize for his convictions. There is not a function or service of human affairs in the matter of social relationship that is not rarefied, sweetened and invigorated by those celestial airs which breathe from a sincere, urbane and gentle Catholic.

The Catholic may not fail any man, woman, or child who turns to him with confidence and affection; for this is like the sealing up of a spring which the thirsty one had expected to see gush forth in living water. Not the *Menace*, but the disappointing Catholic is the clog on the chariot wheels of holy mother Church. To radiate the teachings of the Church from our homes, as the holy house of Nazareth radiated them, is indispensable to any career that would escape the just displeasure of our friends, the "Guardians" and the "Patriots."

A prominent Anglican clergyman is reported to have said that if during twenty-four hours Catholics were to lead that perfect life of holiness and purity which their Faith enjoins, the thousands among whom they live would be irresistibly drawn back to the Church of Rome. There may be some exaggeration in the statement, for good example is not the only factor in conversion. But it is certainly true, on the other hand, that the indifferent, worldly and sinful lives of too many who have received the gift of the true Faith and boast of it, are violently closing the doors of the Fold of Christ against vast numbers who are thus driven away from its peace and calm by the startling contradiction they witness between practice and belief. Beyond all doubt such a scandal should quickly disappear.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

College Dramatics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have read with interest Mr. Hayden's strictures on "College Dramatics." However true they may be in regard to men's colleges, they certainly do not apply to my Alma Mater, nor to other women's colleges with which I am acquainted. It has been the theory and practice of the Dean and faculty of the College of Mount St. Vincent that college plays should fulfil the twofold purpose of education and enjoyment. Hence they have always reserved to themselves the choice of plays and to a great extent, the supervision of rehearsals, protests of the fair members of the dramatic club notwithstanding. As a result during the last ten years, the college has given very successful productions of most of Shakespeare's comedies, some of the tragedies, "Everyman," and other miracle plays, dramas of Molière and Racine, in the original, as well as the Plumptre translations of Sophocles and Euripides. AMERICA gave high praise to the Mount's woodland production of "Iphigenia in Aulis" some two years ago. A woodland pageant of remarkable beauty celebrated the Shakespearean tercentenary, last May. Might I suggest that active superintendence by the authorities, such as I have mentioned in connection with my college, would solve the difficulty Mr. Hayden so wofully bewails?

Yonkers.

ANNA C. BROWNE.

The Church in Korea

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Some time ago I was asked by a Korean, a Methodist, who seemed surprised that I, an American, should be a Catholic, whether there were many Catholics in the States. My answer surprised him, but had he been quick to follow up, and had he asked me, how is it then that we see no American Catholics and hear nothing of them in this country, he would have had the better of me. True, we are a young country just emerging from the mission stage, but that should be all the more reason for us to appreciate that while charity may begin at home it should not stay there forever.

There are Protestant Churches all over this country. I hear the Chang Song Kol Church bell every Sunday, three miles up the Yalu. Our nearest church is at Old Wiju, forty miles down the river, and the good Father Paul Sye, a Korean, has a vast territory to cover. We converse and correspond in Latin, as I do not know the polite form of Korean. Besides churches, the Protestants have many missionary doctors and well-equipped hospitals in some of the important towns.

It is humiliating to think that our Catholics, who far outnumber any one of the sects in the States, should not be in this field and perhaps will not be until it is too late. Doctors will no doubt be easier to get than priests, for to be a missionary doctor requires no special vocation, no sacrifice or renunciation of the world. Many a good young doctor would enjoy life out here and find it exceedingly attractive and interesting.

Off hand it would seem that we first must get our priests in the field, but why not let that come later? One of our wealthy Catholics could found a hospital, say in Seoul, and I am quite sure it would have the support and enthusiastic cooperation of the excellent Bishop, Monseigneur Mutel. One Catholic hospital, got under way, would soon be followed by others in important centers. It would no doubt stir the feelings of our Catholics to be told that the idea has got foothold among the natives, it was no doubt studiously spread, that the Catholic Church is a negligible factor, a French sect, an old-fashioned relic still existing in France. On my first visit to Seoul, I asked my way to the Catholic Church. I was corrected: "You mean

the French Church?" This stung me because the taunt came to my mind at once.

All praise to the excellent and devoted priests of the "Société des Missions Etrangères" who are working so hard and with so little assistance in this country. We could help them and by our works make it known that there are Catholics in the United States and many good ones who have the interests of the Church at heart.

Chang Song, Korea.

ADELRICH BENZIGER.

Ah, Percy!

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Julianne is right, Percy is the problem. The girls, many of them, are bad enough, but the Percyes are an abomination of desolation. True, many of them are not educated in Catholic colleges but then some of them are. And what a set they are! They are intellectual enough: that is clear from their success, despite the many obstacles in their way. But are they Catholic? Not all the time, and not in all ways. If they are worth \$5,000, they are Catholic on Sundays and holydays for half an hour in the morning; if they are worth a \$1,000,000, they are Catholics on Sundays from eleven o'clock in the morning till one o'clock in the afternoon, especially when they are engaged to be married to a pious lady. But few or none of them are really interested in the Church. As soon as tribulation befalls her, they take to cover, like frightened bunnies, and from under the palm and orange tree they talk eloquently about the mistakes of the clergy and the way they themselves would do things. The Percyes meantime are doing this, showing their lavender socks and smoking costly cigarettes. There is a problem here for Catholic colleges.

New York.

FRANCIS RUSH.

France's Religious Future

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Under the above title Henri Merlier has written an interesting article, printed in the *Bloc Catholique* of Toulouse. He calls attention to the prevalence of the impression that France is undergoing a religious awakening, and while not minimizing the extent or the reality of the movement of a multitude of souls along the war fronts in the direction of God, he nevertheless points out that the religious renaissance is to be accepted with reservations:

This movement, even if not deep, is none the less sincere and real. It exists. But what will come out of it after the war? That is the great question. Either this impulsive movement will be disciplined and purified under the authority of those who are qualified to direct our souls: in which case we shall see it develop and increase in fruitful results; or else it will be dominated and maneuvered by men without principles and without character, such as, for many years, be it said to our shame, have laid hands upon all Catholic affairs in France and controlled them. In this latter event, we shall see our great religious awakening become a miserable failure, strangled at its birth. And then may be spoken of us the same words that Christ spoke of the man who did not defend himself against a renewed attack of the enemy; the last state of this people shall be worse than the first.

M. Merlier calls attention to what happened when souls rose up in horror on the morrow of the Revolution and reverted to Catholicism, and he quotes Louis Veuillot's famous dictum, "A people's greatest peril is to be badly saved," with the prayer that its cruel truth may not be verified in the case of repentant France. His warning is a timely one. The religious future of France is by no means secure. Recent events fill even the hopeful with misgivings.

Cincinnati.

MARIA LONGWORTH STORER.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1916

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The Last Page

ONCE bright and beautiful, it hangs a sorrowful derrick upon the wall. It has served us well, that calendar for 1916. Now the dust of a twelvemonth sobers the garish colors that so short a time since, seemed to cast a cheery radiance of hope over the sheaf of the months to come. One last page remains, torn, curled, faithful to the end. Tonight, it, too, shall go, for with its unknown message, the New Year knocks at the gates of the world.

So have they come, the months, and gone again, in solemn, steady wheeling down the passage to eternity, that we call time. But where are the pages of yester-month? Where the page that was torn off so carelessly, or happily, it may be, in the sudden gladness of some good that had come into life, or slowly, in the shadow of sorrow? All are gone, gone forever, even as the months, whose days and weeks they faithfully chronicled. They have served their purpose. We number them with the things beyond recall; with the snows of January, sparkling under frozen stars; with June's roses, now attar in a crystal vase; with the crisp leaves, gold and brown, swirling in early November paths. Perhaps they have left nothing but memories, the memories of days that "make a mournful rustling in the dark," that sear and cut, or that abide mercifully to console and counsel. We cling to what is past as the years creep on, and reach for the things that once were. Like little children we turn to look back, as with unwearying step, time leads us on to our Father's home. We have traveled far, and a starless night has fallen. We grope in the darkness. When will the dawn come, and with it the peace of God?

But it is not well to live with the ghosts of the past. Our God is a God of the present. Before Him, time is not. With Him, our past may be forgotten, and our

existence be made in some sense, like His, an ever-present now. For

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end; that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—*God*.

Let us forget the things that are past. God has given us another year, a time for noble thoughts, for nobler deeds; another chance, perhaps the last, to realize that the years of man are but a means to an end, and that end, God!

The Synthetic Christmas Tree

"WHAT a beautiful tree," exclaimed a visitor, who found himself in the kindergarten of St. Joseph's Home, Manhattan. "Yes, isn't it fine?", rejoined Sister Antonia. "And we made it ourselves!" Lest this convent fall under the ban of Mr. Roosevelt, and other distinguished enemies of "nature fakers," the reason must be given why the Sisters turned their resourceful hands to the creation of so unusual an object as a Christmas tree. Perhaps the reason has been guessed. Christmas trees, large Christmas trees, almost as large as the anticipations of children at Christmas time, are somewhat expensive, and the cost of living is mounting to the stars. But at Christmas, the children must have a tree. Hence a requisition was served on the Sisters' country house, for a quantity of branches hewn from an ancient pine. Trimmed and shaped, they were attached in some marvelous manner to a sixteen-foot pole colored after the models furnished by nature, and the work was complete. To their other remarkable achievements, the Sisters had added a synthetic Christmas tree, worthy the admiration of Mr. Luther Burbank.

But they had fashioned, unknowingly, something more than a Christmas ornament. Gay with lights, tinsel and toys, that Christmas tree in the kindergarten is a symbol. It means "Love." It is an outward sign of the love which consecrated women bear to Christ, in the outcast, the helpless, the forlorn. It is the same love, which from the beginning built, and today maintains throughout the world, countless sanctuaries where they whom the world has scorned or forgotten, are received as Christ Himself. What matters it, that these good women gave their toil for no purpose great in the eyes of the world, but simply that on Christmas Day, the hearts of a few poor children might be made happy? In these little ones, rescued from want, neglect and cruelty, they as truly serve the Lord Christ, as if with pitying hearts and tender hands, they ministered to Him who for our salvation came amongst us on Christmas Day, a little Child. For "he that shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me."

The tender devotion of these good Sisters to their

innocent charges, reflected in all Catholic institutions, should awaken in every heart, not utterly dead to human feeling, deepest respect and admiration; and it is true that in all who know their work, our Sisters and Brothers find devoted friends. But, unfortunately, many of our own people who, by reason of wealth or social position, could do much for our institutions, are quite guiltless of the slightest interest in their Christ-like ministrations. There are notable exceptions; but of too many may it be said in sorrowful truth, "Demas hath left us, loving this world."

The home, the school, and the guaranty to every dependent Catholic child of a Catholic training, are three interests of most vital importance to the Catholic Church today. By legal provision and public opinion, marriage and education have become thoroughly secularized. The next step will be to regard all minors, beginning with the dependent child, as direct wards of a secularized State. With the continuance of Catholic apathy, that day will come soon and unexpectedly. New Year's resolutions are now opportune. One of the best that can be taken by any Catholic is to familiarize himself with the local Catholic child-saving agencies. From this knowledge will grow devotion, and devoted champions are needed in these godless days. The need is particularly acute in New York, where the dreadful sentence of Christ, recorded in the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew, sixth verse, hangs over many.

The Optimist

LEIBNITZ affirmed that the present world in which we live is the best possible world that God could make. In doing so the great German philosopher imposed a limit to the powers of the Creator. Sound philosophy, on the contrary, teaches that the present world is not the best which God could make. This world however answers perfectly to the end which the Creator had in view and in spite of its evident shortcomings and defects, it may become an abode of peace and happiness. Evil and sorrow will, it is true, visit man during his sojourn on earth, yet in spite of them, he may rise superior to all the blows and burdens of misfortune and find in his own heart the secret of true happiness.

Two types of man divide humanity, the pessimist and the moderate, well-balanced optimist who rejects the exaggerated optimism of Leibnitz. The pessimist believes that this is the worst world which God could make, that everything in it is dark, gloomy and doleful; that it is an abode of tears, of misery, of individual, social and national misfortune. To such a man life is a tragedy closed with catastrophe and ruin. The optimist sees in this world the sorrows of mind, heart and soul which afflict humanity. The arrows of misfortune have riven his breast. A man, he feels all that a man can suffer, but he does not let the wound fester. He has a heavenly balm for the hurts and the bruises which no warrior can avoid

in the battle of life. Even though unhorsed in the fray, he does not give up the fight, but, with hope in his heart and with hands again steadied for the onset, he once more faces the foe. Failures do not daunt him. The dangers and the perils of the combat do not hold him back. Optimist that he is, he does his best and leaves the rest to Heaven. There is always a silver and a golden lining to the clouds that roll over the field where he is struggling, and through the rift in the gathering storm, he sees the hand of God stretching out to crown him with victory. He is never beaten, for as the poet says, though he may not command success, he deserves it.

Men such as he do great things for God and for man. No great work in Church or State is accomplished without the trust, the hope, the dauntless energy, the buoyant spirit, the daring, the reckless but knightly courage of the optimist. The Apostles were optimists. They sowed in tears and blood. They knew that in God's own time, the golden harvest would come. For 300 years every Pontiff that sat on the throne of Peter was an optimist. Linus and Clement and Eleutherius and Urban knew that the catacombs would soon be changed into the basilica of the Lateran, and that the hated Cross would glitter above the Capitol. Columbus was an optimist. He knew in his heart that the magic voices which beckoned him to the West were not deceiving him, that out of the shadows of the sunset a new world would emerge to gladden his straining eyes. The Catholic Church ever teaches the noblest and the purest optimism, for she is ever sounding in our ears that martial call *Sursum corda*, "Lift up your hearts," to thrill our souls with a message of hope, of courage, of trust and love. The optimist takes a cheerful and bright view of life. If this be so the true Christian and Catholic is the genuine representative of the class. For him, life is God's best and noblest gift. Its blessings and its sorrows come from a father's hand. He spends it for His service and His glory. He cheerfully bears its load of suffering and care. He is not daunted by its misfortunes. He confidently and lovingly awaits its reward.

"O Radix Jesse!"

DECEMBER nineteenth is one of those days in the ecclesiastical year with a thrill all its own. It is one of those nine stirring days before Christmas, when the announcement of the Birth of the Prince of Peace sounds louder and clearer, like the strong galloping of horses drawing nearer and nearer from the far distance. It is the third of the days on which the majestic "O" anthems are sung double at Magnificat, and the special anthem of this day is: "O Root of Jesse, which standest for an ensign unto the people, before whom the mouth of kings shall be stopped, unto whom the nations shall seek: come, and deliver us, and make no long tarrying."

Just about the time when many a priest and religious was reciting this most glorious petition of Catholic

democracy, there was joy in the heart of the New York Stock Exchange. Brokers, so the daily press informs us, in their jubilation danced about the floor, singing and cheering. But it was not in honor of the Babe of Bethlehem that they were merry: it was in honor of the god of blood and of the god of gold. They were joyful because the news was trickling over the cables that the British Government had turned a deaf ear to Germany's proposals of peace; they rejoiced because there was a sharp advance of from one to seven points in the price of stocks.

Throughout the bounds of war-stricken Europe there is not a wife or a mother but from whose heart, on this day of peace discussions, there were echoed the words of this most beautiful anthem, one of the most poignant cries for peace in the literature of the whole world. And as it seemed that the cry was being choked at its very utterance, so the soul of the stock market waxed more joyful and merry: peace was not wanted at any price, for there is much gold in blood and death.

So they danced, they sang, and they cheered, and the sound of their laughter rose high and loud. It drowned the weeping of mothers and widows; it stifled the groans of dying men in the shambles of the battlefield. And as the stock brokers danced on the floor of the Stock Exchange, the bodies of dead soldiers were trodden beneath their footsteps deeper into the mire of Europe—for America is prosperous, and America is a great lover of peace.

It was only when the British Premier's address had been published in full that the merriment of the bulls and bears waned, and the voice of joy was no longer heard in the land of Wall Street. But the sound of that laughter will echo long, and the chinking of all the gold in the world cannot drown the echoes of that merry rout that took place on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange as the price of blood mounted higher and higher; as suffering humanity cried out piercingly: "O Root of Jesse, which standest for an ensign unto the people, before whom the mouth of kings shall be stopped, unto whom the nations shall seek: come, and deliver us, and make no long tarrying." For the coming of the Prince of Peace cannot long be delayed, and at His coming the profiteers of blood and death shall fall into confusion.

"The Unvarnished Truth"

PLAYWRIGHTS and fictionists often make effective use of the ridiculous situations that ensue when a circle of acquaintances suddenly begins to speak the exact truth. Characters are introduced who avoid using such conventional expressions as "not at home," "delighted to see you," and the like, but tell instead "the unvarnished truth." Words are used to express rather than to conceal the speaker's real thoughts, white lies are taboo, and the disastrous consequences of talking "very frankly and sincerely" with a neighbor are amusingly

acted or described. Suppose that so great a passion for truth-telling should all of a sudden seize the entire human race that every kind of deception would cease forthwith to be practised. Men would then seem what they are. No one would live below or beyond his means. In words, in manners, in dress, in homes, and in social standing men and women would abandon all pretense. Just as we now know the priest, the postman or the policeman by his dress, the world could then determine at a glance, so to speak, the moral, social, mental and financial standing of every individual. Advertisers could be believed, lawyers would starve and diplomats would find their occupation gone. Life would thus become so simple and sincere that poets would sing the Golden Age's return and the prophecies of Isaias would be declared fulfilled.

However the practice of sincerity in word and deed, the shunning of pretense in life and conduct are by no means strictly millennial virtues. They are very necessary and thoroughly work-a-day ones even now. Civilized society would totter to its fall if throughout the world the written and the spoken words of men could no longer be believed, for the preservation of human relations rests on the confidence we have in one another's veracity. To perfect and extend this spirit of mutual trust is always the Christian's duty, and the practice of greater sincerity and truthfulness is a particularly fitting disposition for the Christmas season. As a striking model of these virtues the Church offers the character of St. John the Baptist, a man who was conspicuous for his sincerity and freedom from pretense. He refused to be taken for what he was not. He promptly set right those who would have honored him as Elias or even as the long awaited Redeemer Himself. The more of the austere Precursor's spirit of humble and fearless sincerity Christians can bring to the Crib of Bethlehem, the warmer will their welcome be. A man tells or acts a lie, as a rule, because he is either cowardly or proud. He desires to seem better than he really is, or else he fears to suffer the consequences of his vices or follies. St. John the Baptist's admirable sincerity was due to the fact that he feared no one but God and that his whole life was as remarkable for its humility as for its innocence.

Socialism After the War?

A LEADING Socialist paper calls attention to what it regards as the fulfilment in the present war of a prediction made by Marx in his "Capital." The fetters of the old mode of production have been broken, it believes, by the appointment of virtual dictators such as Lloyd George in England and Briand in France, and "production for profit" has given way to "production for use," though that use is to be found on the battlefields. The following is the passage wherein Marx makes his often-quoted prediction:

The monopoly of capital becomes a fetter on the mode of production, which has sprung up and flourished along with and

under it. Centralization of the means of production and socialization of labor at last reach a point where they become incompatible with their capitalist integument. This integument is burst asunder. The knell of capitalist private property sounds. The expropriators are expropriated.

While no one would regret the passing of countless abuses existing under the present system of capitalistic business and finance, after the war there will be as little desire on the part of labor to be bound down to a compulsory governmental labor system, or its equivalent, such as is now being enforced in many of the belligerent countries. Patriotism and the dire needs of the warring nations have made such a condition acceptable for the time, though not without considerable friction. That labor will voluntarily submit to an extension of these conditions beyond the war-time is not conceivable. Nor is such a statement founded upon mere theorizing.

The fact is that the workingman may not be in a position to regain even his former independence after the war is over. He has relinquished many of his hard-gained privileges, and the question is whether he will again be able to secure them without a new struggle. The millionaire employers on the other hand have been decidedly strengthened by the war. Concentration of capital into a few hands has been necessary in order to carry on production of war material on a vast scale. Though men may revolt against excessive capitalistic concentration, they will not willingly fly into the arms of labor despotism under any régime, even though it should be labeled "Socialism." It were vain to predict what the final outcome will be. What it should be, for the happiness of labor and capital alike, the Church has abundantly made clear to all men of discernment.

Literature

THE POETS AT THE CRIB

ANGELS sang the first Christmas hymn, the simplest and loveliest carol ever lilted before the Crib, yet so deep and solemn were its harmonies, that their echoes have lingered on earth, and by a mysterious power ever come to life again to commemorate the great event first announced by the heavenly choristers. Nor, must we wonder at this. For no age can be so senseless and so dull as not to feel the pastoral beauty and the regal splendors of that wondrous birth which the Angels heralded on the first Christmas night over the sheepfolds of Bethlehem. A God become man! Omnipotence in bonds! The Lord of Ages and the God of Glory born in a stable! A Crib! A Manger! A Virgin bringing forth a son, her God promised by patriarch and seer! The Eternal and the Invisible clothed in the vesture of our mortality to redeem and to save us! Shepherds thronging to the humble abode where lies the Wondrous Babe, while turbaned princes of the East swing forth on the dromedaries of Madian and Ephra to lay at the feet of the newborn King, their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh! A cruel tyrant, seeking the life of the Babe, and tender Innocents sacrificing their lives that the Child might be saved, while there is mourning in Rama and Rachel will not be comforted. Poetry itself could devise no theme so sublime, so heart-appealing, so calculated to stir the tenderest and at the same time the deepest emotions of our nature.

And so from the earliest existing English carol "Lordings, listen to our lay," a relic probably of the thirteenth century, down to our own days represented for instance by a poem chosen almost at random like Alice Meynell's "Unto us a Son is given," the splendid mystery has had its singers from the unnamed artists of the carols of the Ages of Faith, through the days of Elizabeth and the troubled period of the Commonwealth and the Restoration to Scott and Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Noyes, Thompson and Chesterton.

Not all of course approach the mystery in the same attitude. All do not manifest towards it the same reverence, the same simple faith and love. The great artists of the days when England was "Merrie England" came to the crib with something of the spirit of the shepherds who first knelt down before the Mother and the Babe. For them Christmas brings first of all the story of the birth of the Man-God. It recalls the great act of redeeming love of the Creator towards his sinful chil-

dren. No doubt the day means for them joy, happiness, merriment and laughter, for it was the day when all, knight and king and serf, noble-born dame and serving maid, gathered in the hall, to mingle in that common brotherhood and sonship which Christ had restored to earth. They sing perhaps of wine and wassail a little boisterously at times. But the Christ Child and His Virgin Mother are never forgotten. With them, as a rule, the song begins and ends. In greeting the new-born King, their hearts expand and a generous welcome is given to Him and to all His friends and brothers and children. Such is the spirit of the carol "Welcome Yule," the manuscript of which, according to Ritson, dates from the time of Henry VI, the composition of which, however, is much earlier.

And the kingship of Christ is ever recognized together with His Divinity, as in the fine carol of the fifteenth century; "The Three Kings":

There came three Kings from Galilee,
To Bethlehem, that fair citie,
To seek him that should ever be by right-a
Lord and king and knight-a.

In many of these lays there is a wonderful tenderness and pathos blended with a delicacy and refinement of sentiment, we do not as a rule, associate with those days of iron-clad knights, hardy bowmen and men-at-arms. Thus in one of the most beautiful carols of the fifteenth century "The Virgin and the Child," there is a loving colloquy between the Mother and the Son, which even in its modern rendering, loses nothing of its tenderness. Our Lady says:

Now, sweet Son, since thou art King,
Why art thou laid in stall?
Methinketh it is right
That king or knight
Should be in good array.

And the Child answers:

My Mother, I am thy child,
Though I am laid in stall.
Lords and dukes shall worship me
And so shall kings all.
Ye shall well see
That kings three
Shall come on the third day.

And sing, by by, lullay.

AMERICA

The same spirit of reverence for the great mystery of redemption, so deeply ingrained in the hearts of the people, long remained in their Christmas hymns and songs. "The Sinner's Redemption," one of the most popular carols, going back to the seventeenth century bears witness to the consoling fact:

The five-and twentieth of December
Good cause have you to remember;
In Bethlehem upon this morn
There was Our Blessed Saviour born,
And to redeem our souls from sin.
He is the Saviour of us all.

In the days of Elizabeth, Christmas is not forgotten. It is true that the simplicity, the tenderness and quaint naïveté have departed from the hymns. But the new-born Babe is still the King to be worshiped, loved and served. All are familiar with Shakespeare's noble reference in "Hamlet" to the wonders of the Holy Night. But the poems of the Elizabethan Thomas Tusser, who gives us a good insight into the Christmas manners and customs of those times, may not be so well known. Drummond of Hawthornden's two beautiful sonnets "The Angels' Song" and "The Shepherds' Song" must not be forgotten, while the splendid poem of Bishop Hall beginning with the line: "Immortal Babe, who this dear day" has something of the power and the majesty of an Ambrosian hymn. The age still believed in Christ and Ben Jonson writes "A Hymn on the Nativity of My Saviour," while Robert Southwell composes the well-known "Burning Babe" and another poem "New Prince, New Pomp" where the Divine contradictions of the mystery are brought out with homely directness and power and genuine emotion.

Puritanism itself could not oust Christmas from the hearts of the people, and the great Puritan poet who was to write of the fall of man and the rebel Angels, was only twenty-one when he wrote his ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." The poem is marred by conceits and is overlaid with mythological phraseology and is too much taken up with externals, but no one who has once read it can forget its rhythm, and its organ melodies; and its "helmed cherubim and sworded seraphim" and "bright-harnessed Angels" will long haunt him. But the man whom Cowley called "poet and saint," Richard Crashaw, the Francis Thompson of the seventeenth century, gets closer to the heart of the mystery than the immortal singer of "Paradise Lost." His poem "In the Nativity of Our Lord God," a hymn composed of a chorus and a dialogue between two shepherds, Tityrus and Thyrus, may not perhaps be compared to Milton's ode, yet it has some wonderful lines such as:

Welcome all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span!
Summer in Winter, Day in Night!
Heaven in earth and God in Man!—

The Christmas tradition thus adhered to in their own original way by Milton and Crashaw, is taken up by Robert Herrick. The religious sentiment is still felt, but to this singer the Child of his "Ode on the Birth of the Saviour" is to a great extent, a human child and Herrick, as Andrew Lang says, was in love with children as he was with roses. Many of Herrick's songs such as the "Come bring with a noise" are still popular. In these as in other poems of the period the festive side of the feast and its social pleasures, thrown into the background by the stern manners of the Commonwealth, are again emphasized. After the death of Herrick, the popular Christmas carol and the old hymns remained in fashion and were sung by high and low alike. But there is a lull and a pause in the great Christmas symphony which had been resounding in England for many centuries. No great Christmas poetry, Tate's "While Shepherds Watched" excepted, was composed in the eighteenth century. The nineteenth was to witness a revival. But our humble Yule-

log is burning low, and we must end. Of the Christmas star, Clinton Scollard has said:

Out of the Past's black night
There shines one star
Whose light is more
Than all the constellations are. . . .

Since the poets must follow some guiding star, they will find none with a softer, more resplendent beam, with a steadier or a more unerring light than the Star of Bethlehem.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

REVIEWS

Saint Dominic and the Order of Preachers. By JOHN B. O'CONNOR, O. P. New York: The Bureau of the Holy Name Society, 871 Lexington Ave. \$0.75; paper, \$0.35.

On December 22, 1216, Pope Honorius III., in perhaps the briefest Bull by which any Religious Order was confirmed, gave Dominic de Guzman the following document:

Honorus, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our dear son, Dominic, prior of St. Romain, of Toulouse, and to your brethren who have made, or shall make, profession of regular life, health and apostolic benediction. We, considering that the brethren of your Order will be the champions of the Faith and the true light of the world, do confirm the Order in all its land and possessions present and to come; and We take the Order itself, with all its goods and rights, under Our protection and government. Given at St. Sabina, at Rome, on the 11th of the Kalends of January, the first year of Our Pontificate.
HONORIUS.

How the "Watchdogs of the Lord," who were thus authorized by the Holy See to become a new Religious Order have continued from the beginning to be, in the words of the Pontiff, "champions of the Faith, and the true light of the world," Father O'Connor shows in this excellent sketch of St. Dominic's career, of the "genius of the Order," and of "Dominican Achievements." When the first Friar Preacher looked out on the world of his time, he noted, says the author, an absence of the contemplative spirit among men of active life, a lack of reverent, scientific scholarship, and of authoritative, effective preaching. St. Dominic was the heaven-sent person who supplied these needs, for he gave the Church of the thirteenth century the very men she required, for Dominicans are canons by profession, monks by the austerity of their lives, apostles by their office of preaching, and scholars by their success at the universities. As Father Schwertner points out in the admirable preface he writes for the volume, the spirit of the Friars Preachers has been from the beginning essentially democratic. Their influence and example did much to promote representative government in the thirteenth century, and their own internal organization, in the opinion of many learned men, is the most perfect one that the Middle Ages produced. Father O'Connor's popular presentation of his Order's glorious history is very seasonable, for this month marks the seven-hundredth anniversary of the Dominicans' confirmation.

W. D.

The Circus and Other Essays. By JOYCE KILMER. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. \$1.00.

It is a pleasure to praise this little book. It is just what one would expect from the pen of Mr. Kilmer. Like his poetry, or at least a large portion of it, these essays are the glorification of the commonplace. With persistent kindness of spirit and quick sympathy for the hidden beauty in the trivial things of life, the author summons up the familiar objects of every one's experience, pointing out what others have seen but never noticed, and revealing unsuspected poetry in what to most people has seemed merely dull prose. The circus, the subway, the commuter, the alarm-clock, the possibilities of adventure in the noon-hour in

New York, the Christmas trees in the windows of the tenements along the Sixth Avenue elevated road, all are made to yield a harvest of reflections, often extremely quaint and always surprisingly true. Mr. Kilmer with conscious optimism simply refuses to let his vision be obscured by the sordid side of life. He knows only the honorable sense of the vulgar; to his mind to be common is not to be contemptible but probably rich in precious human relations. Hence it is that although the subjects of his essays are commonplace, his treatment of them is quite the reverse. He is a painstaking craftsman. All the careful cadence, the chiseling of phrase, and the wealth of literary allusion, which are the acknowledged prerogative of the essay, are at his command; but being in the hands of an artist, though present, they never obtrude.

J. H. F.

The Syrian Christ. By ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

The title of this book misled the reviewer. He thought to find here the Christology of those who derive Christianity from the mystery religions of Syria. The author has not that extravagant idea, yet he has another. He is a Syrian, and makes the strange mistake of assigning Our Saviour to the racially mongrel people that now inhabit Syria. Jesus was far from being a Syrian. His race left the ethnological environment of the Aramaeans at the time of Abraham, about 2100 B. C. The Syrians are the result of a much later migration of the Aramaeans westward through Asia Minor from Mesopotamia, and of many racial influences: Byzantine, Arabic, Latin-Teutonic of the Crusaders, etc. The only kinship between Our Lord and the Syrian is that of language. Biblical Aramaic of Palestine at the time of Christ is sister language to Christian Aramaic or Syriac. The fact that Jesus lived in Palestine gives no warrant to call Him a Syrian Christ.

Mr. Rihbany who was a schismatic Catholic in the Orient but is now the pastor of the Church of Disciples, Boston, tells many things about Syrian life that may be used with discretion by a priest. The discretion is called for, because the author is not very scientific. For instance, the star of Bethlehem was probably not a star, but a preternatural light such as blinded St. Paul; and it is a far-fetched fancy to connect this light with the astrologists of modern Syria. It is worse than a far-fetched fancy to group Christianity with Judaism and Mohammedanism, and to say that the last two had their origin in Syria. Here is the stuff the author calls Christianity. Religion is deeds, not creeds; worship, not theology! He blames Greek subtlety and Roman organization for the evolution of Christianity away from worship into theology. This evolution is supposed to have begun shortly after the Crucifixion, and to have progressed by the subtlety of "authoritative creed" and the organization of "scholastic statement." Think of it, scholasticism began its work shortly after the Crucifixion!

W. F. D.

The Book of Boston. By ROBERT SHACKLETON. Illustrated by R. L. BOYER. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Co. \$2.00.

"The requisite possessions of every true Bostonian are a Boston bag, a subscription to the *Transcript*, and a high moral purpose." "There are more drunken men to be met on Boston streets than one sees in other cities and many of them are well dressed." "If you just sit down anywhere in Boston, a lecture will be poured into your ears." "Uncheck your horses on going up the hill." "In Boston, everyone of the worth while is a descendant." "Throughout all Boston there is a general and amusing treatment of 'r's'."

In the foregoing quotations are some Boston characteristics that especially struck the author of this charming book. He also points out the chief historical landmarks of the city, describes its architectural beauties, and devotes a great deal of

space to descriptions of the homes and haunts of its literary lights. Except two Sisters of Charity whom Mr. Shackleton happened to meet one day, there seem to be no Catholics in Boston now, and though he was impressed by Wellesley's "Elizabethan college buildings," he appears to have missed seeing the "bit of Oxford" out on Chestnut Hill where the new Boston College stands. However, his pleasant book, which prospective pilgrims to "Tri-Mountain" would do well to read beforehand, is to a large extent, a guide to the historical memorials that do adorn the city, particularly those dating from Revolutionary times. The author also gives lifelike sketches of such notables as Paul Revere, John Hancock and Henry Knox, and entertainingly contrasts the Beacon Hill, the Common, the Dorchester Heights and the Charlestown of long ago with those of today. Then to indicate the wide moral and intellectual gulf that separates the faint-hearted Miss Muffet of Mother Goose's time with the little maid's 1916 descendant, Mr. Shackleton quotes these picturesque verses:

Little Miss Beacon Street
Sat in her window seat
Eating her beans and brown bread;
There came a small spider
And sat down beside her.
"You're an Argyroneta," she said.

The numerous photographs in "The Book of Boston" and Mr. Boyer's little pen-and-ink sketches increase the value of the volume.

W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The last number of the *Catholic Mind*'s fourteenth volume contains Dr. Peter Guilday's sermon on "The Teaching Order of St. Dominic" preached at the Catholic University during the recent seventh-centenary celebration of the Friars Preachers. Archbishop Ireland's plea for greater familiarity, on the part of Catholics, with the catechism then follows and the issue concludes with a list of the papers that have been published in the present volume of the *Catholic Mind*. The increasing circulation of this little fortnightly, and the popularity many of its numbers have enjoyed with patrons of the church bookrack, show what a strong arsenal Catholics are finding this periodical to be.

The latest volume of the *Messenger*'s series of ascetical books is "On Israel's Hills, Reflections for the Holy Hour" (Apostleship of Prayer, \$0.50) by the Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S.J. The sixteen papers in the book describe in the author's vivid manner such scenes as the centurion's prayer, the widow of Naim's happiness, the miracle of the loaves, St. Peter's confession, etc., and then bring home, especially to the humble toilers of today, the lessons of the Gospel mysteries. Like the other volumes of the series, some 100,000 copies of which have now been sold, "On Israel's Hills" is appropriately illustrated.

In "El Supremo" (Dutton, \$1.90) Edward Lucas White has found a field of fiction hitherto untilled. El Supremo, the Dictator of Paraguay, Francia, well-known to English readers through one of Carlyle's essays, is the central figure of the book. His undoubted greatness, his cruelty and selfishness, his flashes of generosity, his noble instincts and his craven fears are clearly brought before us. Life in Paraguay a hundred years ago, with all its complex activities and cross-purposes of Spaniard, Creole, Guarani conspirator and tyrant, makes a splendid background for a romantic tale. The book now and then lapses from the realm of romance into the region of biography and history. Its 700 pages would have gained a great deal by condensation. No decided hostility seems to be shown

towards the Catholic Church, but the priests and the Bishop who figure in the plot are rather sorry figures. The end of the tale, a marriage between "two heretics," is entirely too romantic. Under the circumstances given a Catholic bishop would not have officiated. A more skilful construction of the plot might have saved William Hawthorne from the unseemly position in which he stands towards the lady who finally becomes his bride.

A perusal of Gamaliel Bradford's "Portraits of Women" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.50) verifies the Apostolic Delegate's remark that American literature is certainly "plentiful." In the nine sketches in the book, there is little that cannot be gleaned either from the writings of the subjects themselves or from their formal or incidental biographers. The author informs us that his selection is a haphazard one and the subjects chosen bear out his assertion. For the most part, they are neither typical of normal womanhood nor desirable models for imitation. The sketches are in the main sympathetic, but the author has an occasional fling at the Church. Because Eugénie de Guérin laments the baneful effects superficial atheistic culture has had on the French peasant, Mr. Bradford makes her deplore "the general diffusion of book learning and education with the real obscurantism of medieval superstition," and he finds her beautiful character only a morbid compound of "cant and nonsense."

In "Olive Tilford Dargin's "The Cycle's Rim" (Scribner, \$1.00), a sequence of fifty-three carefully wrought sonnets dedicated "To One Drowned at Sea," there is a refinement of feeling and a loftiness of aspiration not common in modern American poetry. The author is a tireless seeker for the "inevitable word"; she understands the artistic value of restraint, and is quite successful in her quest for striking and unhackneyed metaphors and similes. She asks:

Why do I love thee? Thee, my other wing?
Sweet of the wild? My tree of cinnamon?
Not for thine eyes where twilights wandering
Lead me beyond the world past any sun
Whose arrows query after.

To her "the hills throw back their veils like virgins that have won celestial gates." The Biblical imagery in Sonnet XXXI is finely sustained and there is a noble prayer in Sonnet XLVI, the opening lines of which are these:

Let not a picture drawn on eyelids shut,
Fill all my world; but may I, open gazing,
No symbol lose that liberal God hath put
Before my chastened eyes, their burden raising
To faith's pure height where burdens winged run,
An angel breed, to keep our feet from stones.

The following poem, "The Immortal," by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall is from an anthology entitled "Songs and Ballads from Over the Seas." (Dutton; \$1.25).

Beauty is still immortal in our eyes.
When sways no more the spirit-haunted reed,
When the wild grape shall build
No more her canopies,
When blows no more the moon-grey thistle seed,
When the last bell has lulled the white flocks home,
When the last eve has stilled
The wandering wind and touched the dying foam,
When the last moon burns low, and spark by spark
The little worlds die out along the dark,

Beauty that rosed the moth-wing, touched the land
With clover horns and delicate faint flowers,
Beauty that bade the showers
Beat on the violet's face,
Shall hold the eternal heavens within their place
And hear new stars come singing from God's hand.

In the December number of the *Poetry Journal* few of the contributors sound that higher spiritual note which is so lacking

in modern American poetry. Free verse so predominates that it seems to be decidedly bad form to make a rhyme. But Father O'Donnell's "Martin of Tours" in the current issue of *Poetry* has the quality desired, and so have these lines, entitled "Enough," by Winifred Webb:

I was born to those who longed for me
Ere ever my life began;
I have glimpsed the soul of a woman,
And fought the fight of a man;
I have reared a child, and thought of God.
Now, Death, do what you can!

BOOKS RECEIVED

- The Abingdon Press, New York:**
Girih and Character. By Mary E. Moxey. \$1.50.
- Gabriel Beauchesne, Paris:**
La Compagnie de Jesus en France. By Joseph Burnichon, S.J. 8 fr.;
Psychologie Pedagogique. By J. de la Vaissiere, S.J. 5 fr. 50; Introduction a l'etude du Merveilleux et du Miracle. By Joseph De Tonquedec. 5 fr.
- Benziger Brothers, New York:**
The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century. By Rev. Constantine Kempf, S.J., and Rev. Francis Breymann, S.J. \$1.75.
- Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis:**
The Agony Column. By Earl Derr Biggers. Illustrated by Will Grefe. \$1.25.
- Columbia University Press, New York:**
History of the Franks. By Gregory, Bishop of Tours. Selections, Translated with Notes by Ernest Brehaut, Ph.D.
- Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York:**
Christus Consolator and Other Poems. By Rossiter W. Raymond. \$1.00.
- Duffield Co., New York:**
Dante. Master Spirits of Literature. By C. H. Grandgent. \$1.50.
- Laurence J. Gomme, New York:**
Verses. By Hilaire Belloc. \$1.25.
- Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston:**
French Etchers of the Second Empire. By William Aspenwall Bradley. Illustrated. \$1.50; A Layman's Handbook of Medicine. By Richard C. Cabot, M.D. \$2.00.
- The Irish Messenger, Dublin:**
Social Action Series. A Series of Twenty-one Pamphlets. One penny each.
- Jones & Kroeger Co., Winona:**
Minnesota and Other Verses. By Ambrose Leo McGreevy. \$0.25.
- Alfred A. Knopf, New York:**
The Russian School of Painting. By Alexandre Benois. With an Introduction by Christian Brinton. With Thirty-two Plates. \$4.00.
- John Lane Co., New York:**
Further Foolishness. By Stephen Leacock. \$1.25; Pencraft. A Plea for the Older Ways. By William Watson. \$1.00.
- Librairie Felix Alcan, Paris:**
Bulletin de la Statistique generale de la France. Paraissant tous les trois mois. Tome V. Fascicule IV. Juillet 1916.
- Longmans, Green & Co., New York:**
The Institution of the Archpriest Blackwell. By John Hungerford Pollen, S.J. \$1.75; The Reminiscences of the Right Hon. Lord O'Brien. By Hon. Georgina O'Brien. With Portrait. \$2.50.
- A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago:**
Our Fellow Shakespeare. By Horace J. Bridges. \$1.50; The Way to Easy Street. By Humphrey J. Desmond. \$0.50.
- The Macmillan Company, New York:**
A Political and Social History of Modern Europe. By Carlton J. Hayes. Maps. Vol. I, 1500 to 1815. \$2.00. Vol. II, 1815 to 1915. \$2.25; The Early History of Cuba. By I. A. Wright. \$2.00; An Apology for Old Maids and Other Essays. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. \$1.50; John Paul Jones. By L. Frank Tooker. \$0.50; George Washington. By William H. Rideing. \$0.50; The Outlines of Economics. Third Edition Revised. By Richard T. Ely, Thomas S. Adams, Max O. Lorenz and Allyn A. Young. \$2.10.
- G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield:**
Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. Third Edition. Thin Paper. 1700 Illustrations. \$3.50.
- Moffat, Yard & Co., New York:**
Government Telephones. By James Mavor, Ph.D. \$1.00.
- The Salem Press Co., Salem:**
Witchcraft in Salem Village. By Winfield S. Nevins. \$2.25.
- The Seemore Co., South Bend:**
A War Bride's Adventure. By F. M. Gloria. \$0.75; King Dollar. \$0.25.
- Sherman, French & Co., Boston:**
For the Good of the Party. By Herman Hine Brinsmade. \$1.25; A Voyage to South America and Buenos Aires, the City Beautiful. By Ida M. Cappeau. \$1.20.
- St. Mary's College, Montreal:**
Martyrs' Hill. The True Site of St. Ignace II. Restatement of Proofs by Arthur Edward Jones, S.J., LL.D., F.R.S.C.
- The Stratford Co., Boston:**
My Last Friend, Dog Dick. By Edmondo De Amicis. \$0.60.
- James T. White & Co., New York:**
The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography. Vol. XV. Illustrated. \$10.00.

EDUCATION

Commercial Spanish

TO the generation that is passing, it may seem almost as incongruous to associate commerce and Spanish as to associate commerce and music. Spain was looked upon by our fathers as the land of a lovely decadence, of romance and sunshine, of a Latinism touched with an Oriental charm, of barbarous amusements, yet the type withal, of a courtesy surpassing the best that our local civilization had attained. When we spoke or thought of Spain, we implied and included, unthinkingly, every land where the tongue of Castile is spoken, from the Rio Grande to the Horn, from Havana to Manila. It was a drowsy, lovely "land of pretty soon," outside the domain of progress of civilization or of commerce, which to most of us, means the same thing.

THE OPENING INTEREST

THIS state of mind was rudely shocked in 1898 when we found ourselves thrown into the sudden intimacies which war begets, with two worlds of Spanish-speaking people. One was friendly, the other, hostile. Neither, we discovered, was asleep or "decadent," but quite ready for business, if we would only condescend to trade. We did trade, to some extent; in a fashion that showed as high an esteem for the trade demands of our Spanish-speaking customers, as had been formerly bestowed by our traders on the commercially inclined tribesmen of Sitting Bull. Ignorance of their countries, of their means of transit, of their coinage and their weights and measures, of their esthetic taste and of their business courtesies marked our methods. Above all, and least pardonable of all, stubborn and stupid ignorance of their language characterized the average American in dealing with the Latin-American. But, not everyone was an "average American." Years ago, James G. Blaine, had conceived the possibilities of Pan-America and of the position of the United States therein. He had successors, who did not work at random. The establishment and work of the Bureaus of American Republics furthering the great ideals inaugurated at the Pan-American Exposition, pointed the way clearly enough to those who had eyes to see.

Spanish began to appear as an elective modern language in schools. Its necessity in the Naval Academy and West Point was soon seen to be imperative. The inception of the Panama Canal added impetus to the movement. The demand for civil and educational officers in the Philippines caused a still wider and more sturdy tendency in the same direction. Yet with all this, the earnest and almost despairing tones with which the most enterprising class of our commercial magazines have, of late years, assailed the ears of our exporters, are enough to show that down to the very eve of the present European war, the interest of Americans in the trade of Spanish-speaking countries was at best hardly better than languid.

THE REAL SOUTH AMERICA

AWAKENED long since by the guns of 1898, they are at last aroused to active interest by the guns of the present conflict. South America, not to mention Cuba and the Philippines, or prostrate Mexico, is not a country but a world. It offers to commercial activity on our part resources, markets and a degree of responsive enterprise not to be equaled by the more populous lands, eastward or westward. The charm of its people is proverbial. The splendor of its cities, revealed to us by reading and travel, offers us a model for study and imitation. The republican character of its institutions, growing daily more settled where not interfered with from the outside, offers to the American investigator a congenial atmosphere. The grandeur and strangeness of its natural features lend to what might be the

bleakest of commercial travel, a charm that is akin to romantic adventure. From this alluring world we are sundered by no vast space of water, or impassable barriers of nature, but by diversity of language and, it may be added, by prejudices inherited along with our English speech.

Inheriting no such prejudice and overcoming with characteristic energy the linguistic difficulty, the enterprising merchants of Germany have, as has long been known, reaped a harvest which we disgracefully neglected. It is not equally well known that a similar class in Japan, no less free from prejudice, and equally alert to the value of an alien speech, have made such efforts to equip themselves for this field, that the Spanish language holds one of the leading places in this Imperial Modern Language School, outranking all others except English and German.

OUR NEED OF SPANISH

THE inference is plain. The study of Spanish, as far as is necessary for commercial purposes is essential to any scheme of education intended to fit men for commerce. We may choose either to retain and develop our Island possessions, eastward and westward, and in that case, for at least one more generation, we must be ready to use the Spanish language; or we may relinquish our ambitions in the East, and direct all our energies southward, into the Spanish-American markets. Here, clearly, we must speak Spanish, or go out of business.

For the study of commercial Spanish, the Catholic student has motives stronger and nobler than those of general appeal. Even so slight a mastery of the language, will introduce him to a vast population of his coreligionists, whose ideals and society cannot but be more congenial to him than that of non-Catholic alien peoples. On the other hand, it will be a distinct advantage to Latin-American Catholics to feel that there exists among us a considerable body of influential men, sharing not only their faith, but their language. Had Catholic Mexicans enjoyed such an advantage during the last few years, is it conceivable that their most sacred feelings and inviolable rights would have been entrusted to the arbitrament of emissaries ignorant alike of their language, their ideals, and their racial temperament? Moreover, the existence of a respectable number of Spanish-speaking American Catholics will do much to explode the too long cherished illusion that Latin Freemasonry is a thing utterly different from its Anglo-Saxon namesake; an illusion which recent conferences along the upper waters of the Rio Grande ought to have dispelled. Lastly, a knowledge of Spanish opens to the Catholic student, the treasures of the greatest Catholic literature in the world.

OUR OWN SCHOOLS

THE characteristic fault of American secular education is neglect of modern languages, a glaring defect universally observed in American travelers throughout the world. The time to remedy this defect is now. The point at which to begin is the Spanish language, the actual language of all cultured families in our Island colonies, the language of the vastest and nearest field open to our commercial enterprise, the easiest of all foreign tongues to acquire, especially to those possessing even the rudiments of Latin. The language of the greatest aggregation of republics on the globe, the speech of millions of our fellow-Catholics and next-door neighbors, the melodious tongue which has found utterance in the greatest body of distinctly Catholic literature in the world, is surely worth the serious attention of our Catholic schools which have already done so much for Catholic thought and action in this country. A new step forward will widen their horizon and make them useful to our southern neighbors, people of energy and culture, who are willing to extend the hand of sincere fellowship to all who approach them courteously and intelligently.

MARK J. MCNEAL, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

"A Certain Amount of Comfort"

"I HAVE seen enough," said Mr. Pickwick. "My head aches with these scenes, and my heart too." The venerable philanthropist spoke of a prison that has long since vanished, but his words may be repeated with emphasis by the visitor, who with a seeing eye, has traveled painfully through the crowded districts, usually allotted to the poor of any great city. The heart swells with indignation at the evidences of man's inhumanity to man, patent in the homes of the poor, and the head grows weary as the inquirer ponders on what the term of this oppression may bring forth. "This nation cannot exist half slave and half free," said Lincoln on a memorable occasion. And recalling the words of Leo XIII, who wrote that the present position of the working classes in many countries was "little better than slavery itself," one wonders how far removed from political ruin are those communities, which not only tolerate this condition, but regard it as inevitable and necessary.

THE MENACE OF WEALTH

NOTHING is more foreign to the office of the Catholic apologist than to stir up hatred between class and class. Class-warfare is not only sinful but stupid, since it hurts both parties, and is profitable to no one. But the poor have the gospel of submission preached to them, with a reiteration which is often as unsympathetic as it is unnecessary. The danger that they to whom Christ promised the Kingdom of Heaven may forget their proper function in life is not so great as to constitute an industrial or a national menace. On the other hand, never was it more necessary than in these days of huge "fortunes," to bring home to the rich, flatly and without compliment, first, the imminent danger of hell-fire, attendant upon the oppression of the worker, and next, the fact that in the Christian dispensation, they are under a strict obligation to give alms, "out of that which remaineth." St. Paul leaves no doubt of the second obligation, while St. James expatiates upon the misdeeds to which wealth gives occasion, in words, which, in polite circles today, might win him the title of an "agitator."

Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl in your miseries which shall come upon you . . . Your gold and silver are cankered; and the rust of them shall be for a testimony against you, and shall eat your flesh like fire. You have stored up to yourselves wrath against the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which by fraud has been kept back by you, crieth: and the cry of them hath entered the ear of the Lord of sabaoth . . . In riotousness you have nourished your hearts in the day of slaughter. You have condemned and put to death the just one . . .

Few truths are more clearly set forth in the Scriptures than the danger of wealth, and the peculiar duties of justice and charity, binding those who possess it. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," writes St. Paul, attributing to Our Lord, a saying not elsewhere recorded.

THE MENACE OF PAUPERISM

TODAY, as always, the degradation, a serious menace to religion and to the State, to which so many workers are reduced, cannot but be a matter of deep practical concern to the Church, and to every Catholic. "A very small number of rich men," wrote Leo XIII, "have been able to lay on the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself." This is a grave charge, and since its first utterance, the yoke has not become lighter. The danger to the State, of permitting an exclusive coterie to set up and maintain conditions, under which even sober and industrious men are unable to command a living wage, has been persistently urged by social and religious authorities; but despite the aid afforded by much excellent legislation, par-

ticularly on the Continent and in some of the American States, pauperism still exists to an alarming degree. It has been pointed out, within the last three years, that in Prussia, two-thirds of the workers are earning less than \$4.50 weekly, and that in Paris every seventh, and in London, every twelfth person, is dependent upon public or private charity. In the United States, the proportion of workers whose wages are insufficient to maintain a decent standard of living, has been variously estimated at from fifty-five to seventy-five per cent.

COMFORT AND VIRTUE

EVERY active aid society, operating in a large city, can discover facts calculated to sober the most optimistic. It has been said that Catholics are apt to exalt the spiritual works of mercy, at the risk of forgetting the high value set by Christ upon those works which are primarily corporal. However this may be, it is evident that the bitterness of poverty cannot be assuaged by the gift of a tract on the advantages of perfect resignation. No doubt the wage-slave ought to be a saint, trained to regard his present sufferings in the light of eternity. So should you and I. But it is fitter to reserve this remedy for our own woes, and when others are in question, to proceed as if we alone could help them. A girl out of work will thank you for an exhortation, as courtesy is extraordinarily common among the poor, but she would prefer, I think, a "job." A man is hardly in a mood for a sermon, when he, with a sick wife and a family of children, is about to be put on the street for the non-payment of rent. "What will I do for a living?" piteously inquires O. Henry's "Elsie in New York." "I've got to get a job."

The Lord will provide, said the solemn man. There is a free Bible class every Sunday afternoon in the basement of the cigar store next to the church. Peace be with you. Amen. Farewell.

The charity which excludes from its ministrations an obviously suffering body, to succor a possibly suffering soul, is worthy of the highest praise, only when some Samaritan is pouring in the oil and wine, and arranging matters with the innkeeper. Otherwise, it is singularly inefficient. Ordinarily speaking, a hungry man's soul responds more readily to spiritual advances, after you have stayed his stomach with a sandwich. One need not accept Becky Sharp's cynical remark that anybody could be good on ten thousand a year, but there is a world of wisdom in the observation of St. Thomas, that "a certain amount of comfort is necessary for the practice of virtue."

THE NEED OF PRIVATE AGENCIES

PUTTING the matter on the lowest basis, it is the civic duty of all Catholics to lend their active assistance to every sane movement to secure justice and the complete enjoyment of every right, to the wage-earner. "In all well-constituted States," wrote Leo XIII, "it is in no wise a matter of small moment to provide those bodily and external commodities, the use of which is necessary to virtuous action." But it is not easy to secure suitable legislation for the protection of the worker, while to guarantee its consistent and impartial enforcement is a task still more difficult. Furthermore, no code of law, however just and searching, will ever succeed in banishing poverty from the world. The field for preventive and relief work will always be great. Certainly, it is wide today. During the present year, AMERICA published a series of articles on Catholic social work in many American cities, from Boston and New York, to Los Angeles and San Francisco. These reports were encouraging signs of the growing interest throughout the country in this highly important work. Yet, although written in a spirit of cheer and hopefulness, all bore witness to a phenomenon, which, when the concluding article was published, was seen to be common to all the cities: a group of unselfish social workers,

striving to make headway against non-Catholic aggression, while impeded by the active criticism, or the still more discouraging indifference of a surprisingly large part of the Catholic body. It is not to be supposed that this attitude is the result of ill-will. Rather is it founded on a simple, but exceedingly deplorable, ignorance of the needs of the day.

PRACTICAL CONCLUSIONS

TO occupy ourselves with academic discussions of the minimum wage and similar problems, while neglecting the opportunities for social work at our very doors, would be a grievous error. Where social centers exist, Catholics can hardly find a better field in which to exercise a zealous apostolate. But scarcely a parish of any size is without some organization for social work. These organizations have a creditable record, and for direct and lasting work a well-managed Conference of St. Vincent de Paul is without a peer. Taken separately the social agencies we now have may appear almost insignificant. In the aggregate, however, they contribute powerfully towards making the condition of the poor a little less like slavery, to paraphrase the words of Leo XIII, and in giving to all in need, that "certain amount of comfort" which, according to the Angelic Doctor, is "necessary for the practice of virtue."

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Georgia's "Most Dangerous Man"

THE Atlanta *Constitution* prints an estimate given of Thomas E. Watson by the minister of a Methodist church, the Rev. Dr. W. N. Ainsworth. The statement was made at the Capital Theater in Macon. Dr. Ainsworth said:

Some men's thoughts and speech make them veritable forces of infection, blasting with careless thought and wicked speech a vast population of people. In my judgment, the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, endowed by Almighty God with as brilliant a mind as any Georgian in this generation, has become so embittered that all the juices of his soul have turned to vinegar, until his writings and leadership constitute him the most dangerous man in Georgia today.

No better characterization could be given than that contained in these last lines. There is no greater enemy to the Commonwealth than the sower of religious prejudice in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. Woe to the reapers of that harvest!

A Chicago Judge on Mixed Marriages

"WHEN young people are of opposite beliefs," Judge Stelk, of Chicago declared, "if they are conscientious observers, they ought not to marry, because when babies come trouble develops immediately." Catholics who ignore the wisdom of the Church on the important question of mixed marriages may probably pay some attention to a public official who is setting forth the result of his professional experience. His observation is confined to the courtroom, but that of the Church extends much farther; it reaches into the home and into the innermost conscience of the individual. It requires no long experience on the part of the priest to convince him of the endless unhappiness caused by mixed marriages. But a far more deplorable result is the religious indifference into which they lead the Catholic party to the contract, and the loss of Faith on the part of the children, who in countless instances may never hope to behold the interior of a Catholic school, and are not seldom deprived even of Holy Baptism. A dreadful responsibility rests upon the Catholic involved in such a marriage, and God alone knows in how many cases it has led to eternal

ruin. Of all this the court has no intelligence, and yet it concludes from its limited range of experience: "When young people are of opposite beliefs, they should not marry." If the non-Catholic, whether sectarian or infidel will not sincerely and from earnest conviction accept the Faith, after it has been carefully explained, then all further intimacy should end instantly and forever.

The A. F. of L. Indorsement of the Mexican Revolution

IT is deplorable that the American Federation of Labor, through its officials and representatives, continues to place itself upon record for sentiments of extreme radicalism, which are essentially opposed to the spirit and constitution of the Federation itself. Thus at its latest national convention an unqualified indorsement was given to the religious intolerance and anarchism, the orgies of lust, rapine and murder which have constituted the Mexican revolution. The following is from the official report of the convention sent out to the labor press: "The purposes of the Mexican revolution appeal to the highest concepts and impulses of liberty-loving men and women." What, we come to marvel more and more, are Catholic labor unionists doing? Is there no one to point out the duty of combating sentiments so insulting to their Faith and their intelligence? The declaration in question was made by the convention in spite of the fact that it was obliged, almost in the same breath, to protest against a decree issued by Carranza on August 1, 1916, providing the death penalty for those "who may incite workmen to strike in factories and concerns devoted to public service." This is a typical illustration of what labor may expect should it ever fall entirely under the control of a socialistic or I. W. W. régime, such as the convention so enthusiastically indorsed for Mexico.

Heroism of Priests

THE following account, taken from the *Toledo Blade*, offers nothing new. It merely repeats once more the oft-told tale of the heroism of the priest at the call of duty. The present occasion was the collapse of a fire-eaten floor that buried four victims beneath its ruins:

Heroism which surprised even the more hardened of the older firemen was displayed in the work of rescue. Among those who ventured into the murky mass of débris, under the tottering wall of the building, in the work of relief, were two priests. Mgr. John T. O'Connell, of St. Francis de Sales' Cathedral, and Father George Brannigan, rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, descended through a gaping hole in the wreckage and into the water-filled basement to search for Welch and Urie, the two firemen buried beneath the débris, that they might administer Extreme Unction to them, the last rite of the Catholic Church. Their search was in vain, and they returned to the surface after pausing to say a few words of comfort and encouragement to Pratt, a Protestant, who, they reported, was growing rapidly weaker.

Be it fire, war, earthquake or contagion, the priest of God is ever ready to sacrifice his own life to administer to the souls of others. Could there be a stronger proof than this of the sincerity and certainty of the priests' convictions?

The Little Red Stocking

THE suggestion of hanging up a little red stocking at Christmas time, to be filled with gifts to the Christ Child for His missions, was an idea happily conceived by the Maria Mission Circle of Pittsburgh, although its circular announcing the project was unfortunately sent out too late. But there may still be time to fill the little red stocking of the Babe of Bethlehem, if any have so far forgotten His mission interests. It is the

purpose of the Mission Circle to advertise this practice as widely as possible in order to make of it a Catholic custom. "We know," the circular says to our Catholic children, "that each of you will be eager that the gift to the Christ Child should be as great or greater than that placed in your own stocking. Then show the little stocking to your friends, big friends and little friends, when they come to see your Christmas tree." Thus with God's help, must the apostolic spirit be fostered in the souls of our children, until they too conceive the desire to bring souls to Christ. "There are also homes in which no childish prattle is heard at Christmas time; in which no eager little hands are present to hang up the stockings, no tiny feet patter on the stairs. In these homes also we hope the little red stocking will be found bulging with treasure." The spirit at least of this appeal should be caught by every Catholic. To save souls the Christ Child came on Christmas night, and New Year's day commemorates His Circumcision, when the name of Jesus, "Saviour," was given Him. If we love Him we shall not forget to aid Him in His work of saving souls.

An Important Foundation

ON the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the Franciscan Sisters of Rochester, Minnesota, opened a new motherhouse in the city of Toledo, Ohio. The coming of these Sisters, who conduct St. Teresa's College, Winona, Minnesota, will do much for the progress of religion and education in the diocese so ably ruled by Bishop Schrembs. At the formal reception of the Sisters into the diocese, the Bishop made an eloquent appeal for the fostering of religious vocations, and paid a merited tribute of praise to the religious women engaged in educational work.

We need more young women who are willing to sacrifice themselves to implant religion in the hearts of the children. Across the seas nations are battling and men are dying on bloody fields. Pray God we may never be called on for such a sacrifice, but God has asked us for another kind of sacrifice. Young women are called for a higher and holier sacrifice; God calls them as of old He called the Patriarch to sacrifice the child he loved so well. We know that without Christian education, faith cannot live. Religion is decaying all about us . . . Religion is bound to die unless it is implanted in the hearts of the children. Our Sisters have made the sacrifice. They are doing a great work, the worth of which can hardly be estimated. It is of the highest, the holiest, and the children of this country owe them a great debt of gratitude.

"These Sisters," said the Right Reverend P. R. Heffron, Bishop of Winona, "represent the great principle of Catholic education. The Catholic Church advocates the spread of knowledge and science, but she believes that while these are being secured, the child should not be bereft of religious teaching. And she also believes that religious teaching makes for the best citizenship." The cause of Catholic education has able defenders in the Bishops of Toledo and Winona, and their zealous work has been blessed with unusual success.

Birth-Control Movement in Cleveland

ANARCHISM is coming into its own. Its leaders are showered with roses by pampered and bold-faced society dames. It has all been brought about through the birth-control movement. Its prominent leaders are women like Miss Emma Goldman, who was given an ovation in Carnegie Hall, New York, and men of the stamp of the Anarchist lecturer, Dr. Ben Reitman, her assistant. The latter when arrested at Cleveland was followed by a crowd, largely composed of women, who scattered birth-control pamphlets on the way to the city's police station, and later presented him with a bunch of roses when he

was released on bail. Cleveland has become, after New York, a hot bed of sex-degeneracy. A Cleveland correspondent thus describes the development of the propaganda:

One is amazed at the seeming respectability of those who compose the birth-control audiences. For a time they gathered, one day a week, in the restaurant of one of the large "down-town" houses to the number of from 75 to 100 women. Practically all of those present were well-dressed, prosperous-looking "ladies," who certainly did not seem to stand in any need of information on this subject. One wondered if it was not solely the opportunity of hearing this delicate matter discussed that brought them together. Of late these meetings have been discontinued, or have been shifted to the homes of the various members, for one reads two or three times a week that those interested in the birth-control propaganda will meet at the home of Mrs. So and So. "All interested are invited to attend." The police are not inactive however, and are on hand to enforce the law against their utterances and their literature.

Our correspondent adds that half a dozen Cleveland ministers have approved the birth-control propaganda. They are of various denominations and assert their Protestant liberty of "free thought," qualifying their sanction by saying that it is their personal opinion. Some physicians too have given the movement their approval. The rôle its advocates assume is that of benefactors of the poor. "The poor do not want this mess of immorality."

What the Church Does for Charity

REFFERRING to the report recently rendered to the Mayor of New York by the Commissioner of Accounts relative to the city's contributions towards the maintenance of charitable institutions, the *American Israelite* notes that more than one-half of the public contribution (\$3,378,680.62) goes to institutions under Catholic control, and a little less than one-sixth (\$928,017.24) to those maintained by the Jews. The paper then remarks that there can be no reason for supposing that this does not accurately represent the proportion of the services rendered to the city by Catholics and Jews. Catholics certainly do not receive more than their share, and Jews likewise have been very zealous in relieving the city of its burden by providing for those of their own religion. Though the sum given to Catholic establishments may seem large in itself it represents only a small share of the expenditure saved the city by the labors and sacrifices of the devoted men and women in charge of our Catholic charitable institutions. Even from a purely financial point of view, they are the city's best-paying asset after the Catholic schools. They illustrate above all that the Church has remained true to the teachings and spirit of her Founder who has told us that whatsoever we do to the least and most abandoned of His little ones, in His name, we do to Him. Referring in particular to orphanages the Jewish organ lays down the following principles which hold true in all other similar instances:

Orphan asylums supported by the State are rare, mainly because it is generally held, and in the opinion of the *Israelite* rightly so, that a child should not be brought up without religious training. It is manifestly impossible to give religious training in an orphan asylum where the inmates are the children of parents of several religious denominations. To give one sect religious control would be un-American, to give several equal rights would necessitate the division of the children in sectarian groups which would be to say the least, undesirable. But the State could send the child that is thrown upon its care to a sectarian orphanage, such as the parents if living, would have preferred, and pay what would be the least cost of its decent maintenance and education in an institute of its own.

There can finally be no doubt of the correctness of the conclusion that "New York's example of contributing to the support of private charitable institutions is one that every State and city in the Union ought to follow."